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THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

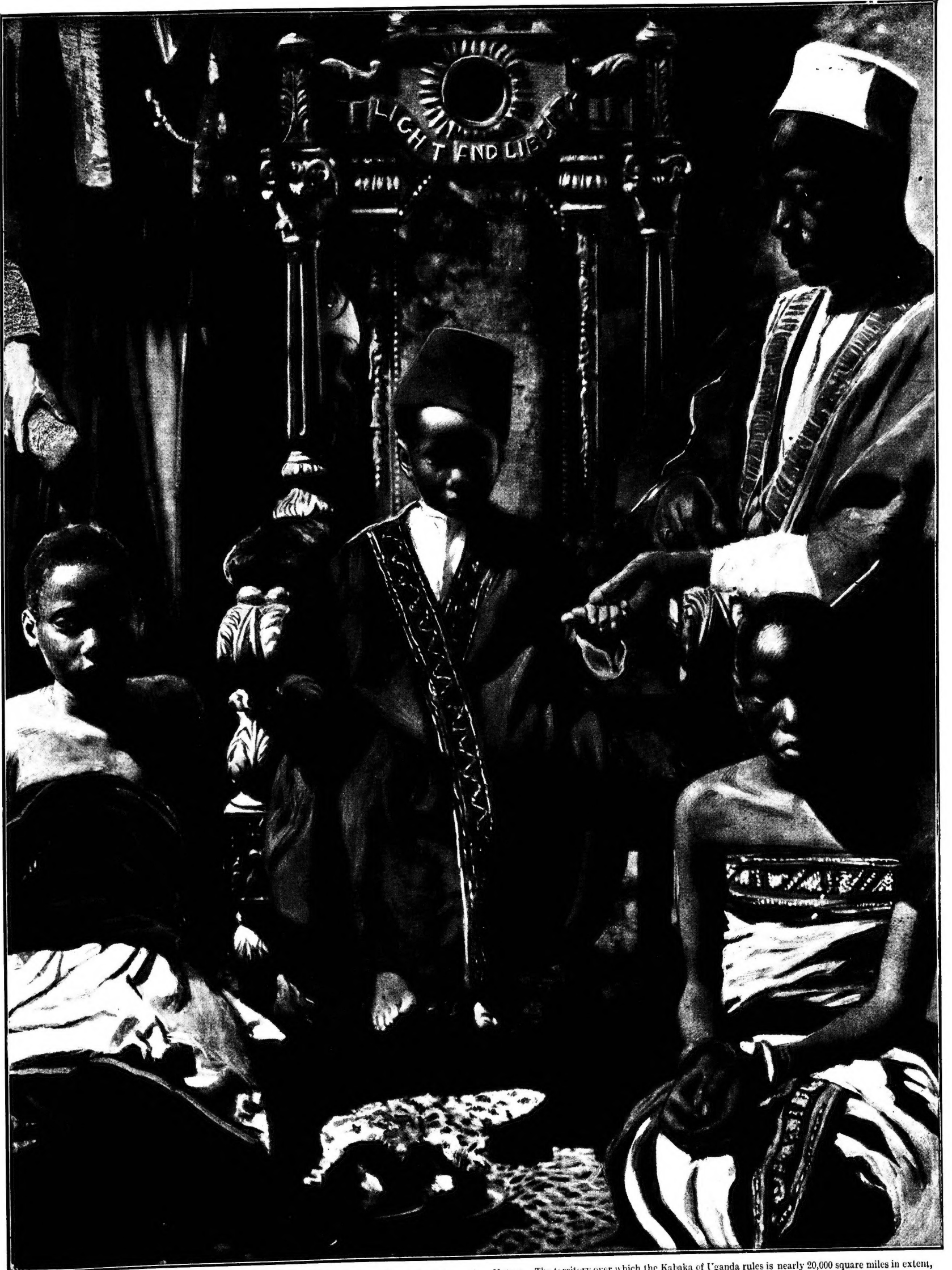
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1900

FORTY PAGES

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The little King or "Kabaka" of Uganda is here shown surrounded by his counsellors and nurses. The British Government has recently accorded the title of "Highness" to this young Monarch, who is the descendant of a long line of Kings or "Emperors," and is the grandson of the celebrated

Mutesa. The territory over which the Kabaka of Uganda rules is nearly 20,000 square miles in extent, with a population of over a million.

UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG: THE LITTLE KING OF UGANDA

From a Photograph by Sir H. H. Johnston

# Topics of the Week

**The Chinese Imbroglio**

THE announcement that the Powers have at length terminated their squabbles over the Joint Note to be presented to the Chinese Government, and that negotiations for peace on the basis of that document will be opened at once, is satisfactory inasmuch as it marks a step towards a solution. That it brings us within sight of a final and permanent settlement no one can say. Indeed, the probabilities point to further long negotiations, the end of which may not even then represent an enduring solution. It has taken the Powers exactly four months to come to an agreement in regard to the bases of negotiation with China. The Peking Legations were relieved on August 15, and a few days later an exchange of views took place between the Powers on the subject of the negotiations which Prince Ching had already informed them he was empowered to open. We are now getting towards the end of December, and the negotiations are only about to begin. If it takes the plaintiffs in a claim all this time to agree on the terms of their own case, how long will it take to persuade the defendants to concede the reparation demanded? The defendants in this case are past-masters in the art of procrastination. They know, too, that the enemies with whom they have to deal are a prey to conflicting interests and suspicions, and we may depend upon it that they will move heaven and earth to revive the dissensions which have been only momentarily set aside. It is to be hoped they will not succeed; indeed, it is said that pledges protecting the Concert from secessions have been exchanged by the Powers. Nevertheless, we may be certain that the attempt will be made, and that it will at any rate prolong the negotiations. And when they are concluded and the demands of the Powers have been accepted—what then? There will still be subsidiary questions to settle. The indemnities will have to be assessed, and when they are assessed China will have to find the money to pay them. If this does not lead to further negotiations, and, perhaps, to an international intervention in Chinese finance, it will be remarkable. But suppose all these questions are happily solved, will this settlement restore a normal situation in China and assure a stable peace? We doubt it. With a large foreign garrison in Peking, and other foreign garrisons overawing the city on the Tientsin road, it seems to us questionable whether the Emperor will return, and if he does return the probability is that his prestige will be severely shaken by the presence of the Foreign Devils in the capital and its vicinity. The whole peace of China depends on the awe with which the Son of Heaven is regarded, and if this feeling is undermined we are afraid that we may yet witness the terrible anarchy of a "Headless China" of which Lord Rosebery spoke so gloomily some years ago.

**The New Commonwealth**

LORD HOPETOUN has arrived in Sydney, and has been received with a display of enthusiasm worthy of the occasion in which he is about to play the most prominent part as the representative of his Sovereign. On January 1 the new Commonwealth of Australia will come into being. From the very day of its birth it will be as great a nation as many of those that have played a distinguished part in the history of the old world. The estimated population of the six Colonies that are to be joined in the new Commonwealth is 3,700,000. Thirty years ago the population of Holland was only 3½ millions, and the present population both of Denmark and Switzerland is well under this figure. But it is rather on the future than on the present that the Commonwealth of Australia relies. As long as the six Colonies remained independent of one another, and to some extent in rivalry with one another, the progress of all, though rapid, was less than it well might have been. Trade between one Colony and its neighbours was checked by artificial Customs barriers, which required an expensive staff to maintain them and hindered industrial development. This nuisance will, within the course of two years, be swept absolutely away.

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In addition to this great boon to trade and industry, administrative economies or increased efficiency will be secured by entrusting to the central government many duties that have hitherto been discharged by the separate Colonial Governments—for example, the management of the Post Office and Telegraph Service and the lighting of the coasts. Above all, the Federal Government will take over the duty of National Defence. This is a matter that concerns the Mother Country as well as the Colonies. Hitherto, British Colonies—not in Australia alone—have been accustomed to assume that the pecuniary burden of their defence ought to be borne almost exclusively by the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. The larger aspirations which will follow the creation of the Commonwealth of Australia will, it may reasonably be hoped, bring with them a more self-respecting ideal. The taxpayers of Sydney and Melbourne, now that they form part of one great Australian nation, are not likely to remain content with the reflection that the burden of defending their coasts and their commerce is very largely borne by the poverty-stricken denizens of Whitechapel and the semi-starving peasants of Connaught. The new Commonwealth may always rely on ungrudging aid, in money and in men, from the Old Country, just as they have recently shown that she can rely on them. But in the intervals between such efforts as these, which are made and must be made without calculation, it is better for the new nation and better for the old that the division of burdens should be on a purely equitable basis.

**The Army Reform Committee**

It will be good news to Lord Roberts on his disembarkation that a committee of experts has been appointed to investigate "the present arrangements for the transaction of business" at the War Office. During the time he is resting after his long and trying labours, this body will be obtaining information which cannot fail to lighten the heavy task he has to perform. The "system" is so full of complications and intricacies as to be almost impenetrable by others than the permanent officials, and these are too convinced of its perfection to recognise any need for remedial measures. They will, of course, be able to state their case for leaving things alone before the inquiring body, but composed as it largely is of business men we may reasonably anticipate an outcome favourable to the application of business methods to the military business of the Empire. The nation is quite willing to spend more money on the land forces, if there be no other way of securing thorough efficiency. But there is strong reason to suspect that the means so liberally provided by taxpayers are, to a large extent, mispent through being devoted to wrong purposes. What the country requires is a force equal to maintaining its home and foreign garrisons at full strength with proper reliefs in both peace and war, while also being capable of putting a couple of Army Corps in the field at any moment without calling for the co-operation of the civilian or Colonial populations. It is absolutely certain that these modest requirements could not be complied with under our present obsolete and cumbrous system.

**Ammunition Reserves in Action**

ALTHOUGH the reverse to our arms at Nooitgedacht has not been attended by any serious consequences, the lessons it teaches should be clearly apprehended by all commanders of British forces, whether large or small. It is in evidence that although plenty of rifle ammunition was close at hand, the Fusiliers had to surrender because they had exhausted their supplies. Nor is this the first occasion of the sort; at a very early date in the campaign the capitulation at Nicholson's Nek was consequent on a failure of ammunition, and at Spion Kop some of the troops were similarly situated. It should be made an inflexible rule, therefore, that reserves of this vital essential should invariably accompany and be within instant reach of troops in the field. Of no less importance is it to teach officers of all ranks that the occupation of ground commanded from adjacent heights is a tactical error. General Clements appears to have committed it at Nooitgedacht, unless it was left to the officer commanding the detached body to choose his own position. There was no artillery either to supplement rifle fire at this part of the scene of action, whereas Colonel Legge, who had some guns at another outpost, beat back the Boers and made good his resistance, although his force was not so large as the other one. But all might have gone well with the gallant Fusiliers, in spite of these mistakes, had they not been reduced to a literally defenceless condition by their supply of ammunition running out.

**The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty**

It is a happy circumstance for both of the great English-speaking races that the American Constitution provides numbers of checks on that erratic body, the Senate. Were it not so, the contumelious treatment to which it has subjected the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty might easily give rise to very serious differences. Not only is the compromise approved by both Governments scornfully rejected by an overwhelming majority, but the Senate, in the plenitude of its wisdom, proposes to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Convention with or without British

consent. Fortunately, the power to give effect to this insane resolution does not rest in its hands, and it is simply inconceivable that either President McKinley or Congress should desire to revive the perilous state of things which the Convention sought to remedy. In any case, there will be plenty of time for American opinion to dispassionately consider that grave question in all its bearings. For the present, it will suffice to regard the Senate as the tool of the railway interest. That powerful, log-rolling industry has always been antagonistic to the canalisation of the isthmus, fearing lest an inter-oceanic water-way might, by competition, lower railway freight rates. It opposed, as far as it could, the French attempt to pierce the isthmus at its narrowest part, making pretence that the work would be an infraction of the Monroe principle. The Nicaragua project was certain, therefore, to meet with the same sort of hostility from a body in which the railway interest is largely represented.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THERE is no occasion for me to remind my readers that the festive season is close upon us. We have had such a spell of mild weather, and we seem to have only just returned from our autumn holiday, that it is difficult to believe next Tuesday is Christmas day, and in three days' time we shall be tackling the turkey, wrestling with the roast beef, ploughing through the plum pudding and munching the mince-pie. If, however, we fancy the 25th of December is only just looming in the dim distance we shall be speedily disillusioned. There are certain signs and portents that we are unable to mistake. Among these is the fact that everybody is so elaborately polite and so scrupulously attentive that we cannot but remember that Christmas Day is close at hand and that Boxing Day follows close upon its heels. This, by the way, is the most remarkable Christmas Day that any of us have experienced, as it is the last Christmas Day in the present century. (I hope they won't make Boxing Day a special festival on this account and demand double Christmas boxes.) Being, therefore, such a notable occasion, I must be more hearty and emphatic than usual, and I must most cordially tender the very best of good wishes to all my friends, known and unknown, all the world over, and my countless correspondents in every part of the globe where the English language is spoken.

To the late Mr. Henry Russell I am indebted for the very first musical entertainment I was ever present at. I recollect being taken there when I was a very small boy, and I have the keenest remembrance of my intense enjoyment of the entire programme. Cannot I recall "I'm Afloat," "The Ivy Green," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Boatmen of the Ohio," "There's a Good Time Coming," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Song of the Shirt," "To the West, to the West," and "Far, Far Upon the Sea"? They were all such bright, catchy, inspiring airs that a child very soon picks up, and I am afraid I became somewhat of a nuisance in my home by the way I gave selections—without being invited to do so—from Mr. Henry Russell's entertainment from morning to night. There was a tragic side to the programme which we children found very thrilling. This comprised "The Gambler's Wife," "The Pauper's Drive," "The Ship on Fire," and "The Maniac." These pieces always terrified us somewhat, and we never attempted to reproduce them. It was the lighter portion of the entertainer's repertoire that pleased us the best, those stirring airs that one could not help singing after hearing them once. Children are often pretty good judges of this kind of thing, and I am inclined to think we were not far wrong. It was only a year or two ago that I had the pleasure of being introduced to the late Mr. Henry Russell, and I recollect his being mightily amused on hearing that he gave me my very first public musical entertainment and in listening to my reminiscences concerning it.

The other day I spoke in praise of the admirable title "Twopenny Tube." It is good because it is descriptive, comprehensive, and alliterative. In two words it gives you the method of travelling and the price it costs you. No wonder it has become popular and that it has passed into the English language. I am glad.

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VII.—Sheffield Wednesday.  
&c., &c., &c.

to say my inquiries for the author of this excellent title has been crowned with success. I learn on the best authority that it was invented by Mr. H. Devey Browne, who first used it—after a visit to the subterranean line—as the title to an article he wrote in *The Londoner* of June 30. I am very glad to have been the means of tracing this popular title to its real author.

At the recent annual dinner of the Savage Club the Lord Chief Justice gave some interesting reminiscences of the club performance of *The School for Scandal* and *The Forty Thieves*—specially written by the leading burlesque writers of the day—at the Lyceum Theatre many years ago. I remember being present on this occasion, and can recollect Henry J. Byron as Charles Surface, Frank Talfourd as Sir Peter Teazle, Robert Brough as Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Dr. Strauss as Moses. Miss Amy Sedgwick was the Lady Teazle, and, if I mistake not, Charles Furtado sang "Here's to the Maiden" as Sir Harry Bumper. A rare collection of notable Savages took part in the burlesque, during which Albert Smith was seized and brought in by a band of the thieves, and was not allowed to depart until he had sung one of his patter songs. He gave, I think, "Brown on his Travels." According to newspaper report his lordship also said:—"There were recited on that occasion some verses written by a Savage. It was worth while, if possible, to find and record them. . . . He had a sort of recollection that the verses were very humorous." If my memory serves me the verses were recited by Leicester Buckingham and written by J. R. Planché in his most brilliant manner, but I am not quite clear that the courtly and erudite Somerset Herald was ever a member of the Savage Club. Mr. Tegetmeier, Mr. Hollingshead, Mr. Flinders, Mr. Moy Thomas, and Mr. Dillon Croker are among the few remaining that took part in the memorable entertainment alluded to, and I have no doubt the last-named gentleman would be able to furnish a copy of the lines referred to.

Complaints of householders in the neighbourhood of the Tube continue, however, to be published in the Press. If all we read with regard to cracked walls, vibrating floors, and chattering windows be true, the state of affairs is very serious and one that demands immediate attention. If such a condition is the consequence of one tube, I wonder what will be the result when all the projected tubes become accomplished facts. They will then probably succeed in shaking the greater part of London down, and then perhaps somebody will have something to say with regard to the ruthless sacrifice of private property. In a letter published the other day it was stated that the sufferers in this matter had no legal remedy. I can scarcely believe this to be a fact. If so, it can scarcely be too well known, as it should have material weight with regard to passing Bills for future tubes.

### "Man Overboard!"

It is a curious fact that the first Marine Ambulance in sea-girt Great Britain has only just now been started at Bristol. Hitherto, a "man overboard" in a British harbour has been rescued and treated by individual enterprise and charity rather than as the result of any organised marine ambulance system. Indeed, it has occurred to the municipal mind only within the past few weeks to attach lifebelts to our big bridges across the Thames. Our docks and the Embankment are still singularly ill-equipped for saving those in peril on the river. In Dublin easily detached lifebelts are everywhere fastened to the lamp-posts by the river side. The elementary ambulance system in vogue in London is a source of constant surprise to most other civilised countries. But it is an especially curious anomaly that a seafaring nation whose sons generation by generation go down to the water in ships should only now have established an experimental marine ambulance.

Japan long since elaborated a practical scheme of harbour ambulances and a systematised course of instruction to sailors on their first duties to the drowning and to the victims of dock accidents. Bristol is to be congratulated on the spirit of enterprise shown by its new organisation. The corps is appropriately composed of dockers who have gained the St. John's Ambulance certificate, and a yearly examination is to be held to ensure the volunteers keeping up to first-aid standards. It would be a very simple matter in big harbour towns and seaports to work a marine ambulance in conjunction with the lifeboat scheme. Nobody can doubt that marine first aid is a real national necessity to sailors, dockers, and fishermen.

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"THE GRAPHIC," "DAILY GRAPHIC," OR "GOLDEN PENNY" WILL BE SENT POST FREE BY THE FIRST MORNING MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS IN FRANCE, ITALY, GERMANY, OR THE CONTINENT GENERALLY, FOR ONE MONTH AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:—

"THE GRAPHIC," 2s. 8d. | "THE DAILY GRAPHIC," 4s. 4d. "THE GOLDEN PENNY," 8d. A DAILY AND WEEKLY COMFORT TO THOSE AWAY FROM HOME.

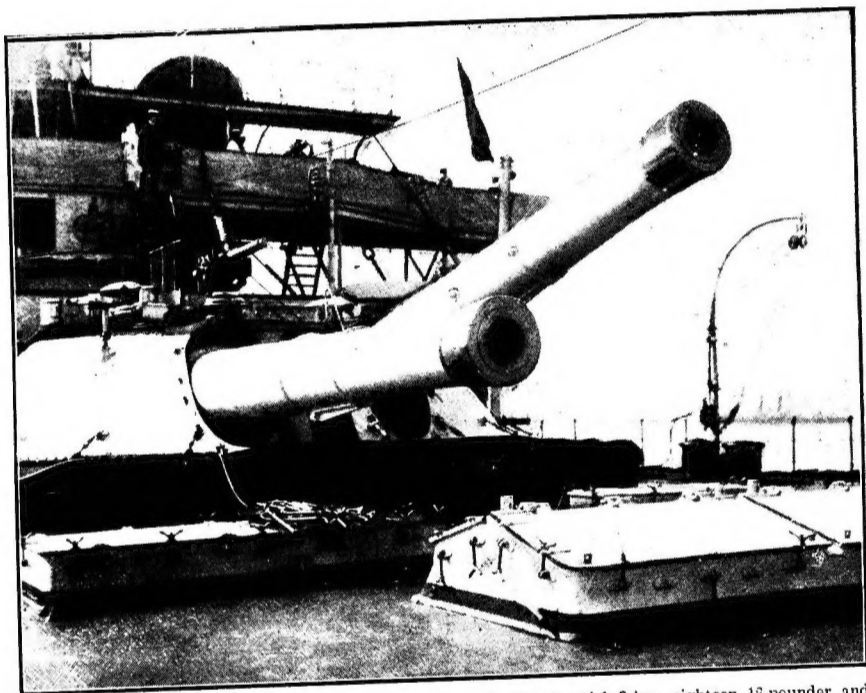
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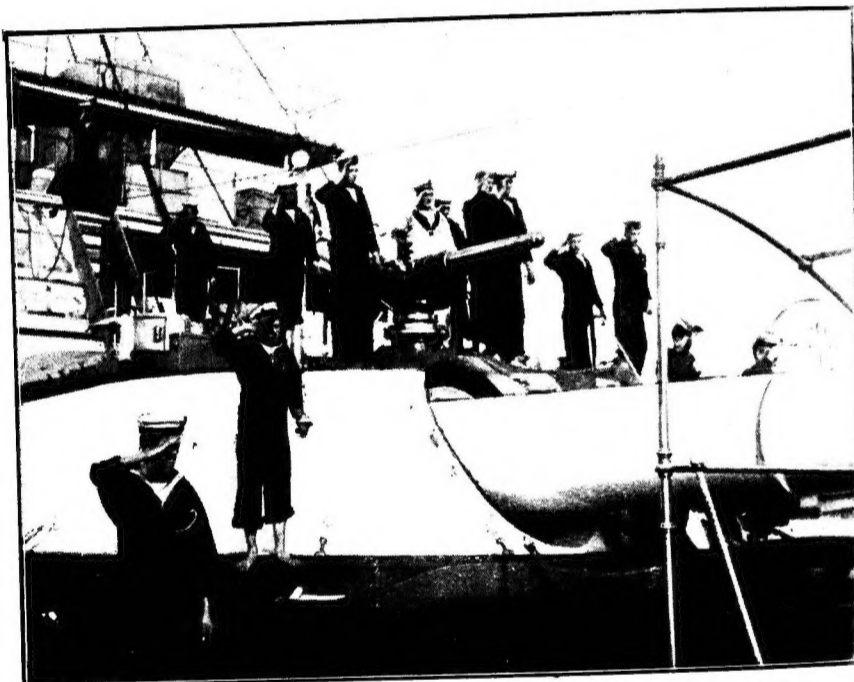
THE SHIP'S BARBERS



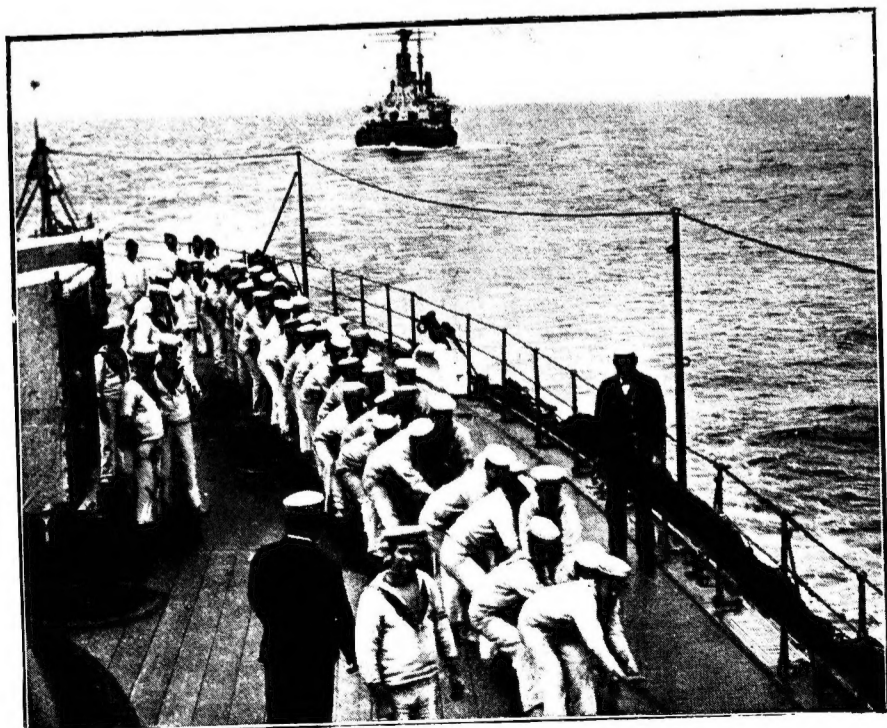
A CLEAN-UP AFTER COALING



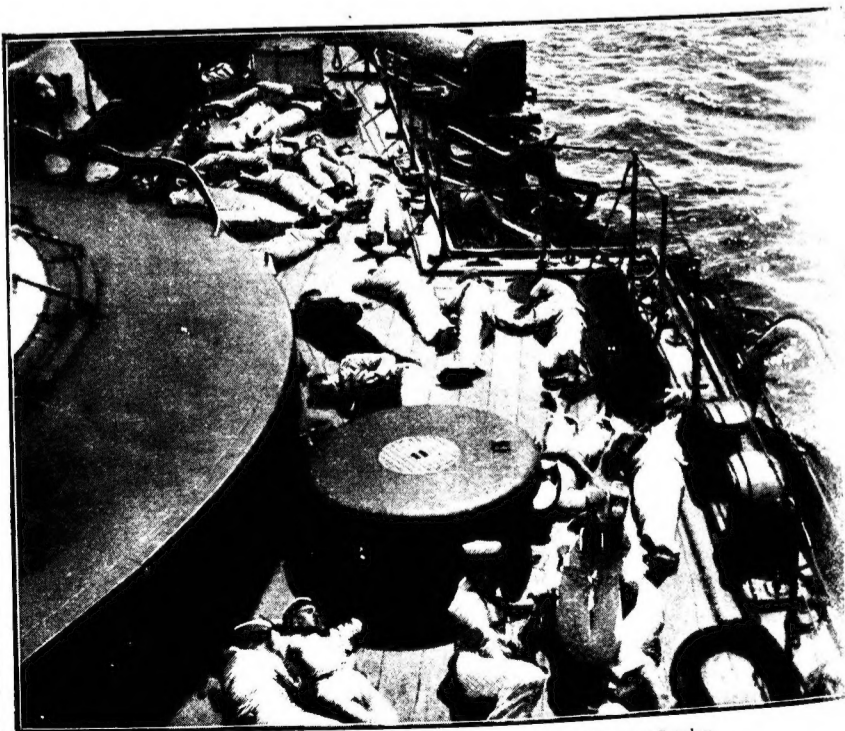
The armament of the *Jupiter* consists of four 12-inch, twelve 6-inch quick-firing, eighteen 12-pounder, and twelve 3-pounder guns, and eight machine guns  
THE GUNS IN THE AFTER BARBETTE



Every morning at eight bells the men salute the flag while the band plays the National Anthem  
SALUTING THE FLAG

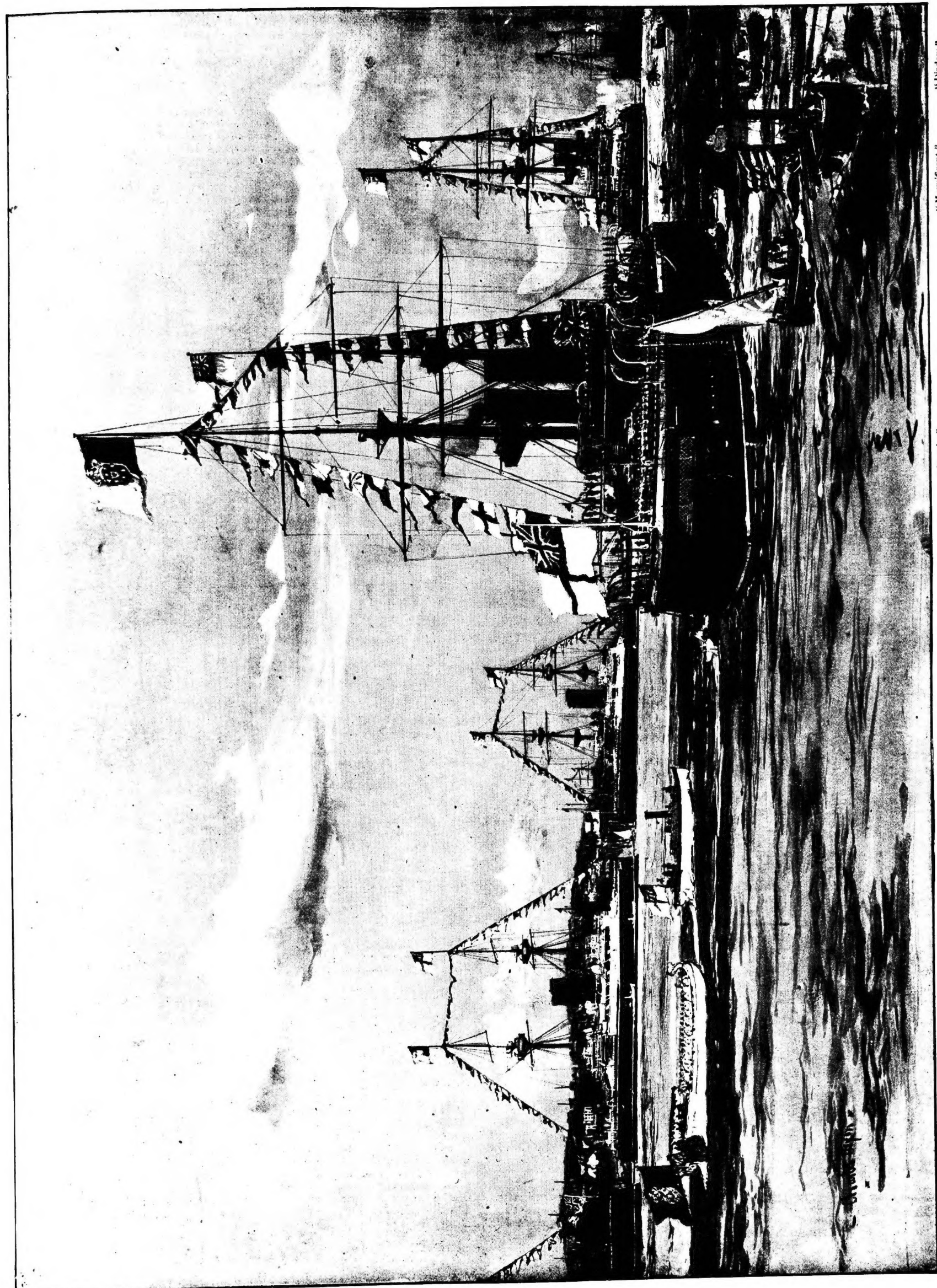


When sailors lay hold of a rope and pull, something has got to move  
"ALL TOGETHER"



Jack is not troubled with sleeplessness, and likes a siesta on Sunday  
THE FORECASTLE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

LIFE ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP: SCENES ON BOARD H.M.S. "JUPITER"



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

On the 7th inst. the King and Queen of Portugal lunched on board H.M.S. *Majestic*, with Admiral Rayson. Colours were hoisted and ships dressed at 10 a.m., and when the twenty-two-oared Royal galley left the shore, the ships were manned by sailors in white

frock and blue trousers, the officers being in full uniform, and the whole fleet fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The salute was repeated when the Royal Party went on board the flag-ship. After lunch the ships were again manned, and a general salute was fired as the King and

Queen went over the side of the flag-ship. The galley was then towed up and down between the lines, and received three cheers from each ship as it passed

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE ENTENTE: THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL TO H.M.S. "MAJESTIC" OFF LISBON

"Mars"

"Majestic"

"Repulse"

"Magnificent"

"Diadem"

FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

# The Court

ROYAL HONOURS to South African heroes come thick and fast. The Queen's welcome to Lord Roberts will be the event of the New Year, for the victorious General is to go to Osborne on January 2, directly the *Canada* reaches the Channel, Her Majesty wishing to be the first to offer congratulations. Meanwhile the Queen on Saturday greeted at Windsor five more of her soldiers in order to bestow on them Victoria Crosses for their gallantry in the war. Surrounded by a group of grandchildren—Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Alice of Albany, and Princess Ena and Prince Maurice of Battenberg, together with Princess Beatrice, and various members of the Royal Household—the Queen received her guests in the stately White Drawing-room, where Councils and Investitures are held. Her Majesty was seated by a table, where the decorations were laid on a cushion, and as Sir Arthur Bigge presented each recipient, relating the circumstances which won the Cross, the Queen herself fastened on the decoration with a few kindly words. Captain Sir John Milbanke, of the 10th Hussars, Captain Matthew Meiklejohn, of the Gordon Highlanders, and Sergeant Engleheart, of the Royal Engineers, were the first to receive the distinction, being followed by two of the rank and file, Driver Glascock, of the Artillery, and Private Ward, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. The Queen was especially interested in Driver Glascock as the youngest

Tuesday, and will remain in the Isle of Wight until February. Christmas at Osborne this year will be even quieter than usual, owing to the recent deaths in the Royal Family.

The Riviera is extremely anxious to welcome the Queen once more, and is hoping that Her Majesty's affection for Cimiez will win the day against Bordighera for the coming Royal spring holiday.

On returning from Windsor at the end of last week, the Prince and Princess of Wales remained a few days in town before going to Sandringham for the Christmas Season. Accompanied by their two daughters and Prince Charles of Denmark, the Prince and Princess went to the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday evening, and next morning, after going to church, they entertained Count Gleichen to lunch on his return from South Africa. Only a family party will meet at Sandringham for Christmas, when the Prince and Princess always do their utmost to make their poorer neighbours as happy as possible. Beef, clothing and coals are distributed throughout the Royal estate, the school-children receive gifts, and flowers and greenery from the Royal conservatories are sent to the neighbouring churches. The Prince of Wales will be in town for the day on January 3 to greet Lord Roberts. After meeting him at Victoria, the Prince will accompany Lord Roberts in his triumphal progress to St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving Service, and will also be present at the banquet given in the evening.

and with a fury almost unprecedented in the Colony. Sudden sharp gusts burst with terrible force on the shores of the Kowloon Peninsula. This last outburst, in the early morning, was of short duration, but resulted in an incredible amount of damage, a loss of life amongst the floating population of the harbour, the actual extent of which will probably never be known. The boats, as they were blown on the rocky shore, broke up, and many of their occupants, smothered by the huge rollers, sank under the wreckage, which was piled up till the broken hulls of sampans, junks and steam launches had filled the spaces between the wharves and steamboat piers of Yaumati. The little river-gate boat *San piper*, moored off the Torpedo Depot through the night, survived safely until the westerly veering of the wind, when she was swept by the stormy "smother," and sank before help could be obtained. The crew, with one exception, were saved, due to a great measure to the plucky efforts of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Otter*. The new dredger *Canton River* met with a similar fate, and turned turtle about 100 yards from the Praya, and opposite the Hong Kong Club. In this case also one life at least was lost. The others of her crew, who were not washed ashore, were picked up by boats sent out at great risk by the *Amoy* and *Tamar*. A three-masted schooner broke from her anchorage and went ashore opposite the end of Arsenale Street, near the mainland, between Elgin Road, Kowloon, and Yaumati, near all the mat-sheds were blown down, and their materials and those



At the close of Mr. Edward Lloyd's farewell concert at the Albert Hall there was a most enthusiastic and probably unprecedented scene, Madame Albani and Madame Clara Butt coming forward, one on either side of Mr. Lloyd, and singing first "He's a jolly good fellow," and afterwards "Auld Lang Syne."

In this they were joined by the rest of the artists who appeared at the concert, and by some of the audience, which numbered rather over 7,000

## "AULD LANG SYNE": AN UNREHEARSED SCENE AT THE CLOSE OF MR. LLOYD'S FAREWELL CONCERT

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

man in the Army to receive the cross, the young fellow not being twenty years of age. This part of the ceremony over, Her Majesty conferred the Distinguished Service Order on Lieutenant-Commander W. J. Colquhoun, of the Victorian Navy, a member of the Australian Coast Defence, who fought with the Naval Brigade in Africa, and on Captain W. Cresswell Jones. Last came the turn of the Sister Service with the presentation of the Albert Medal to Lieutenant Lowry, of the Royal Navy, for the brave rescue of some shipwrecked men.

Altogether the Queen's last days at Windsor before going to Osborne were exceedingly busy. The family party assembled for the Memorial Services began to disperse soon after the Service, several of the Royal Family returning to London, but the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughter, Princess Victoria, and Princess Louise stayed until Saturday morning. The same day Princess Alice of Albany left to rejoin her mother and brother in Germany, whilst Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark lunched with the Queen, and Prince Arthur of Connaught came over from Sandhurst to stay until Monday. On Sunday morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, when the preacher was Dr. Robertson, Principal of King's College, London. Lord Salisbury and his daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, came down to dine and sleep at the Castle. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice and her children, left Windsor for Osborne on

## The Great Typhoon in China

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

"THE barometer has fallen slightly in Hong Kong, risen a little on the E. coast of China and in Luzon. The typhoon is probably situated to the N.E. of the Paracels, and it apparently continues moving slowly towards N.W. Bad weather in the N. part of the China Sea. Forecast: N.E. and E. winds; strong, probably a gale; squally, wet. Telegraphic communication between the Observatory and Hong Kong interrupted."

Such was the official notification issued by the Observatory at 11.50 a.m. on Friday, November 9. The junks, sampans, and other small craft plying along the Hong Kong side of the harbour sought shelter in the direction of the mainland at Yaumati. At 8 p.m., with the barometer 29.70, a sharp, stinging rain, which in the darkness seemed to be projected horizontally, driven by a howling, shrieking, and piping wind registering sixty miles an hour, the occasional crash of a falling tree, the tearing and cracking noise as a collapsed mat-shed left its position for one on the roadway, denoted that a typhoon of unusual severity was upon us. This condition of things lasted all through the night. Then there was a lull, and an almost dead calm. The barometer fell to 28.85. A short interval, and the storm recommenced, with the wind from the opposite direction,

houses and go-downs in course of construction, trees and wrecks of sampans thrown in by the force of the waves, were mixed in big heaps, completely blocking the roadways. A police sergeant named William Duncan, stationed at the Torpedo Depot, lost his life in a brave attempt to save the occupants of a sampan. Several bodies have been recovered, but it is probable that a large number of victims of this awful calamity are still buried below the wreckage of their frail abodes, while others may have drifted along the reaches of the Lyemooon. The position of some of the steamships was at times precarious, owing to the power of their moorings, and much damage was done here, notably to the *Ambria*, *Quang Tun*, *Coptic*, *Shangsha* and *Hong Kong*. The *Sobraon*, she, however, arrived safely during the afternoon of Saturday, having weathered the gale outside the limits of the Colony. Much sympathy is felt for the unfortunate sampan people, and a public subscription is mooted. Whether amongst the survivors, sorrow for the lost ones is really so keen as one might in the circumstances expect, seems doubtful. There is certainly no open lamentation, and the way in which, in the early hours of Sunday morning, they set about the work of sorting out from the debris the pieces of their wrecked sampans, in many cases reduced to firewood—and men, women, and children fought over and squabbled over the fragments, presented a remarkable phase of Chinese character.



A COMPANY RAISED FROM THE 5TH MILITIA BATTALION OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA  
A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION: THE TRAINING OF MILITIAMEN AS MOUNTED INFANTRY  
From a Photograph by Charles Knight, Aldershot

### The Romney Exhibition

TIME has, for the moment, brought its revenge to Romney, and, for a while at least, he shares with Reynolds the regard of a large coterie. When "the man of Leicester Fields" was painting, Romney was his acknowledged rival; the artistic community in the town was divided into camps, and, says Lord Thurlow, "I am of the Romney faction." Well he might be, for the genius of the law rarely shows true appreciation or understanding of the genius of the arts; and, moreover, his lordship esteemed Reynolds "a great rascal and a bad painter." Better sense soon prevailed, and then the backwash swept Romney down into undeserved depths. It has taken just a hundred years for the wave to carry him up upon its crest again, and now it seems to have cast him up far above his true high-water mark. The favour in which he is held, by reason more of his sitters' beauty and his own grace than for sustained excellence of his own workmanship, can hardly last at the point to which collectors have raised him, for the reason that, with certain exceptions, his unbounded superiority in price is not in conformity with his more modest superiority in sterling merit. Up to 1875 no woman's portrait by Romney had reached 200*l.* in the saleroom except the "Lady Hamilton as St. Cecilia" (472*l.* in 1860), and the "Duchess of Grafton" (236*l.* in 1867); and now we find a sum of 23,000*l.* being demanded (or so it was said) for one of his single figures. But the public must not be misled by these abnormalities; they must not allow the craze of the moment and the rivalry of collectors to warp their judgment. Yet while they refuse to Romney a Nelson column to stick him up on, neither must they deny a lofty pedestal to his genius, his grace, distinction, charm, his masterly and admirable technique.

Some months ago an exhibition of pictures, mostly by Romney, took place at the Grafton Gallery. Connoisseurs found fault with some of the ascriptions, but on the whole the collection was a most interesting one, which, had it been narrowed down to, say, a dozen of the finest, would have placed Romney on a pinnacle not yet awarded to him. Now a new gathering has been brought together, not in their sum so good as the last, yet containing some fine and delightful things, portraits of both men and women. The portraits of "Edward Morrison, Esq.," and "Lord Hardwicke" are notable among the former, while "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante leading a goat," "Serene Reading (Profile)"—which is far better than the replica or more likely the copy, No. 6, "Miss Honora Sneyd"—stand out among the latter. There is the charming portrait of "Elizabeth, Lady Forbes," and a more than one delightful child's picture—notably the little "Charlotte Pierce" (or Piersse), of which, for the first time reproduced, a photogravure appeared in the November Number of the *Magazine of Art*. We have besides such various work as the exquisite groups of the "Children of Captain Little," an unusual hand for Romney, and the interesting "Italian Peasants Washing Linen," which the artist is said to have painted at Naples for Lord Craven. It will thus be seen that the exhibition, in spite of defects, is of high interest and is full of charm, and that it is a fitting prelude to the great volume upon Romney upon which two distinguished specialists are understood to be at work.

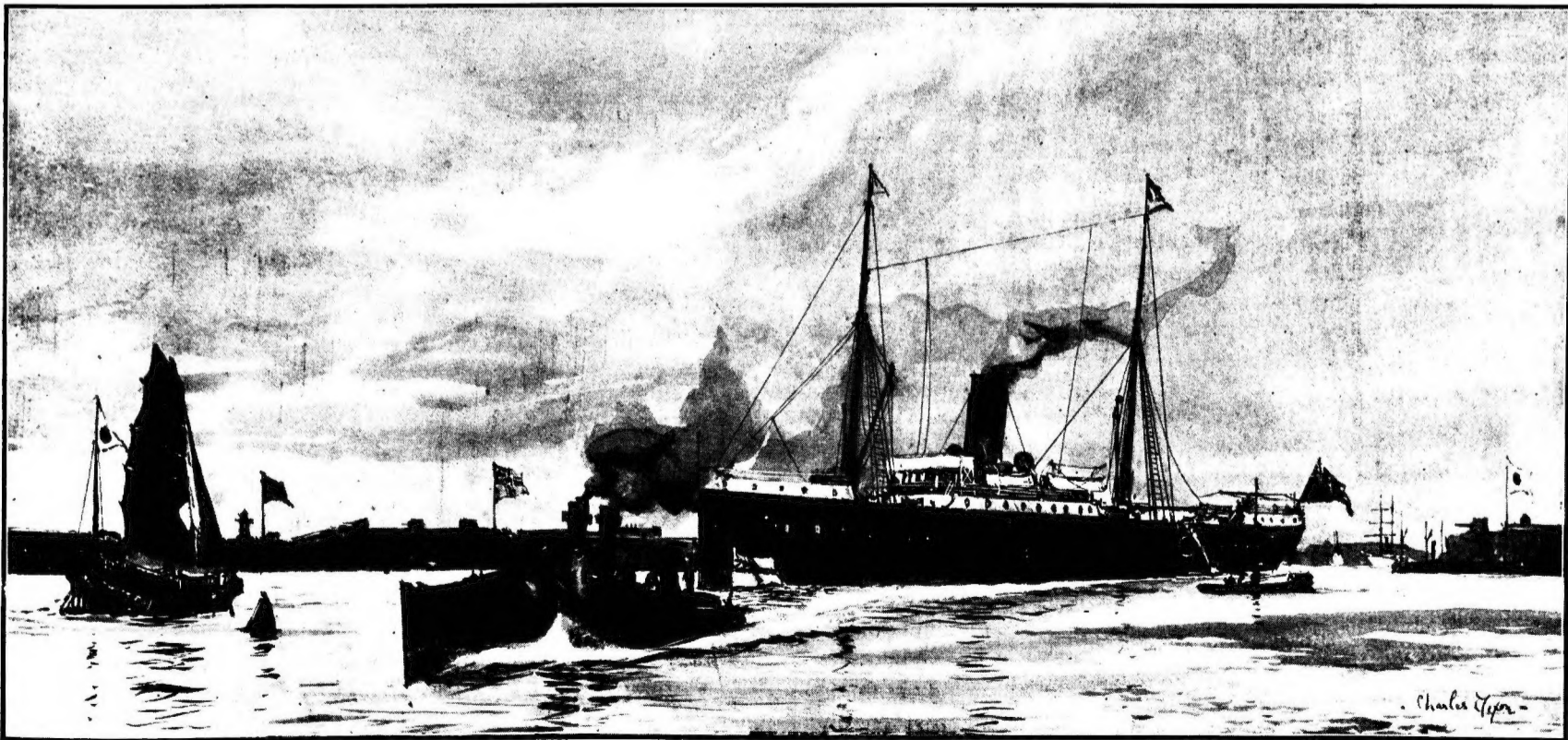
M. H. S.

### A New Departure in the Militia

THE war in South Africa has taught us many lessons, and one of the most important is that mounted infantry is a branch of the

Service that has hitherto been neglected, or rather has not been sufficiently encouraged. Even now Lord Kitchener's task in completing the work of Lord Roberts is said to be hampered by the lack of mounted men. Lord Dundonald, speaking the other day at the New Vagabond's Club dinner, spoke of the immense advantage of mounted infantry. This force, he said, gave a general the power to execute a turning movement when he could not reach his point by a more direct route. He did not accept the general idea of what a mounted infantryman should be. His own conception of that branch of the service was that the men should be first-class walkers, first-class shots, and should be able to stick moderately well to the horse. The mounted infantry should be a means of increasing and prolonging the mobility of the riflemen.

In the face of the unanimous opinion as to the worth of such troops it is satisfactory to learn that a beginning has been made at Aldershot this year in the training of the Militia as mounted infantry. For years the War Office has systematically refused to consider the Militia worthy of thought. But Lord Lansdowne, be it said to his credit, from the very first tried to reverse that policy, and now it is recognised that the Militia might be made a very valuable reserve to the Army if it were properly treated. For some time there have been companies of mounted infantry in enterprising Volunteer regiments, but never before has any attempt been made to train Militiamen for this service. The experiment would seem to be uncommonly successful, if we may judge from the smart appearance of the mounted men of a Militia battalion Manchester Regiment, which is, we believe, the first company of mounted infantry ever formed in the Militia. The company has been raised for service in South Africa. The new departure is a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that the days are gone by when the Militia was a subject for cheap sneers. There is no reason why Militiamen should not furnish a trained reserve of mounted infantry, for many of them are used to the management of horses. All that is needed is the chance of training, and we trust that the experiment initiated by Lord Lansdowne will be persisted in.



Taku Forts

H.M.S. "Arethusa's" Torpedo-Boat

SS. "El Dorado"

Mouth of the Peiho

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A SKETCH BY ROBERT CARR

Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald arrived at Taku by train, and immediately embarked on the steamer *El Dorado*, a small vessel used for transporting troops up the Peiho. The steamer went aground on the Taku bar and all efforts to float her proved useless. Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald went on board H.M.S.

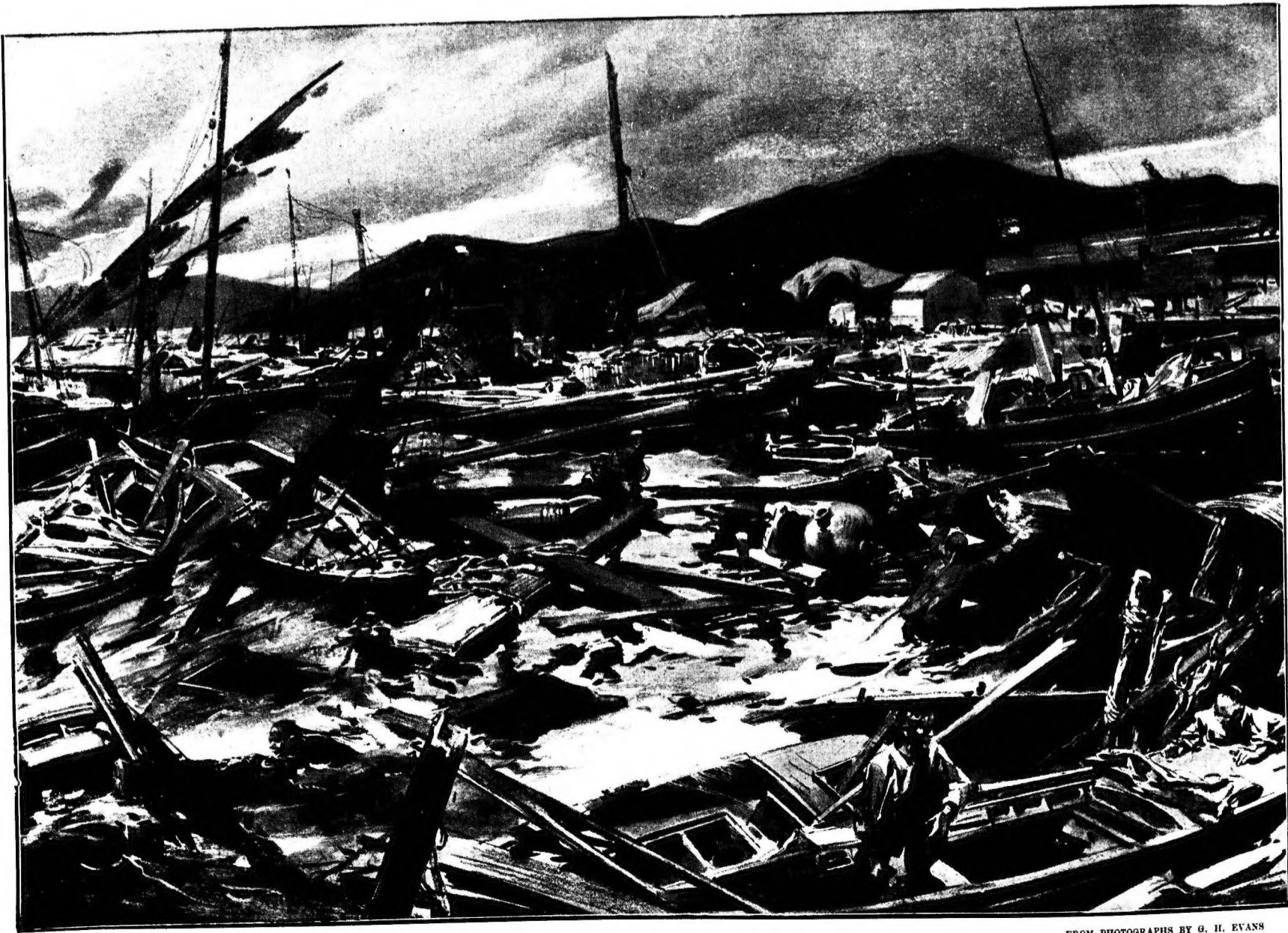
*Arethusa's* small torpedo boat, which had been acting as escort, and which now took the ex-Ambassador to H.M.S. *Endymion*. As soon as Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald were on board, the *Endymion* sailed for Japan.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD'S DEPARTURE FROM CHINA: HIS STEAMER GROUNDED ON THE TAKU BAR



A Correspondent in Sydney writes:—"Much interest was taken in the N.R.A.'s meeting at Randwick, competitors coming from all the Australasian Colonies. The Queen's Prize was, of course, the great event of the meeting. After a good contest it was won by Mathieson with 264 points

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S MEETING AT RANDWICK, NEW SOUTH WALES: SHOOTING FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE  
DRAWN BY FRED LEIST



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. H. EVANS

Early on the morning of November 10 Hong Kong was visited by a storm unequalled in violence since 1874. The typhoon season was over and little heed was paid to the storm warnings. When the wind rose thousands of small craft took shelter under the lee of the western shore of the Pontoon Peninsula. The

storm gathered strength until it reached such a height that all the temporary buildings on shore were demolished. Large portions of the sea wall were carried away, and the small craft were hurled into the bay and piled up in a mass of wreckage

THE TYPHOON IN CHINA: THE DAMAGED SHIPPING AT HONG KONG



NOTES OF A VISIT TO VOLENDAM: TYPICAL DUTCH CHILDREN AND THEIR WELCOME TO THE ARTIST

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE

## Our Portraits

LIEUT.-COLONEL NORTON LEGGE, D.S.O., 20th Hussars, who was killed in the Boer attack on Clements's camp at Nootgedacht, won his spurs in the Sudan. In the 1885 campaign he was present in the engagement at Hasheen, in the attack on the convoy on March 24, and at the destruction of Tamai. With the Egyptian Frontier Field Force in 1885-86 he was present at the investment of Koshih, the relief of Ambigole, and the engagement at Giniss, as well as the subsequent pursuit of Absarat (mentioned in despatches). He won his D.S.O. in the Dongola Expedition under Lord Kitchener in 1896, when he commanded four squadrons of Egyptian cavalry, and was the only British officer wounded in the fight at Firket. Lieutenant-Colonel Legge also took part in the operations of 1898, including the battle of Khartoum, and the subsequent pursuit, as Brigade-Major, Egyptian cavalry. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Lieutenant F. Arbuthnot, who has died from wounds received near Mafeking on the 7th inst., belonged to the 10th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry. He received his commission on June 13 last. Our portrait is by Tynan Bros., Jersey.

Captain William Alan Watts-Jones belonged to the Royal Engineers, and had been on special duty in connection with the Yunnan Railway survey. He joined the Royal Engineers in July, 1899. The first news of his fate was obtained by the German expedition to Kalgan. In May last Captain Jones accompanied Mr. Grant Birch on a journey down the Yellow River, when the

being made district commissioner and general of the forces at Vryheid in November. This was his third experience of South African warfare, he having served in the Zulu Campaign, and the Bechuanaland Expedition under Sir Charles Warren, where he commanded a troop of Methuen's Horse. Lieutenant-Colonel Gawne was a native of the Isle of Man, his father having been a Speaker of the House of Keys. Our portrait is by Abel Lewis, Douglas.

Captain John Albert Emmanuel MacBean, D.S.O., Royal Dublin Fusiliers, was killed in action at Nootgedacht. Born June 6, 1865, he joined the Royal Dublin Fusiliers from the Militia on May 4, 1878. He served with the Nile Expedition, 1897, including the action of Abu Hamed, also in the Nile Expedition, 1898, including the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. He went to South Africa last year as brigade-major of an infantry brigade. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lord O'Hagan, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, died at Springfontein of enteric fever. Thomas Towneley O'Hagan, second Baron O'Hagan of Tullahogue, Tyrone, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, was the son of the first baron, by his second wife, and was born on December 5, 1878. He was educated at Sandhurst, and succeeded his father in the title in 1885. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Imperial Light Horse, who died of wounds received in action near Bronkhorst Spruit, was the youngest son of the late Rev. Thomas Bouchier, Kilmore, Co. Cavan, and nephew of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Bouchier. He was connected with a well-known family resident in North Antrim, and was formerly in

## On Board a Battleship at Sea

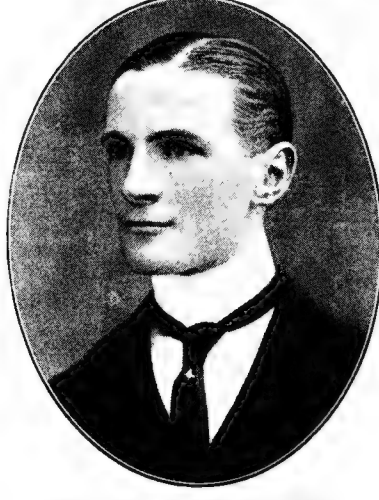
THE *Jupiter*, on board of which our illustrations on another page depict various incidents, is one of our biggest battleships and one of the newest and best in the Channel Squadron. That she is a smart ship goes without saying. She would not be with Sir Harry Rawson if she was not. It would not be well for anyone to gain, say this, moreover, before any of the seven hundred and fifty officers and men of the *Jupiter's* company. They are as strong as they are smart. When sailors lay hold of a rope and pull, something has got to move. And the men have to put every ounce into what they are doing, and to do it all together; whether they are walking round the decks hauling on the "cat" of the anchor or hoisting in the big steam pinnace by hand. Similarly, every sailor does his level best with everything else. Jack is not troubled with sleeplessness and likes a siesta on Sunday. It would be hard for any one to sleep harder than Jack when he is at it on a Sunday afternoon—on a fine day, on the fore-castle deck, under the sun. From dinner time—which follows the Padre's exhortation to righteousness—until supper time at half-past-four, the bluejackets have four solid hours to himself for the purposes of sleep, or anything else he likes. After supper on ordinary days is when the ship's barbers ply their necessary calling. In the matter of hair, the face "All, or not at all," is the canon of naval law. The sailor must shave clean—as most of them do—or not let a razor touch



THE LATE CAPT. W. A. WATTS-JONES  
Tortured and killed in China



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. J. M. GAWNE  
Died from wounds received near Machadodorp



THE LATE LIEUT. F. ARBUTHNOT  
Died of wounds received near Mafeking



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL NORTON LEGGE  
Killed at Nootgedacht



TROOPER SCHNADHORST  
Who has been given a commission



THE LATE TROOPER ARTHUR BOURCHIER  
Died from wounds received near Bronkhorst Spruit



THE LATE LORD O'HAGAN  
Died of enteric at Springfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN MACBEAN  
Killed at Nootgedacht

latter was drowned. Since that time until the German expedition returned to Peking the only information regarding the fate of Captain Jones which has been received was when he wrote to the British Legation, stating that he intended to make for Kalgan, and asking for a rifle and ammunition to be sent out there. It is now known that he succeeded in reaching Kwei-huacheng, eight days' journey to the west of Kalgan. Here he was arrested by order of the Taotai, and, after being tortured, was executed on July 15. Some ten or twelve Europeans besides Captain Watts-Jones had been massacred at that place by order of the Taotai, most of them Swedish and Norwegian missionaries, but among them at least one other Englishman. In addition to the Europeans some hundred native Christians had been tortured and murdered. Our portrait is by J. Moll, Chatham.

Mr. F. G. Schnadhorst, who went to the Cape in March last as a trooper in Paget's Horse, and has been with the battalion in the Mafeking and Liernal district since, has received a commission in the Commander-in-Chief's Bodyguard. The Commander-in-Chief's Bodyguard is a regiment 2,000 strong, consisting of 1,000 Mounted Infantry and 1,000 Horse Artillery and Engineers, with six guns. Mr. Schnadhorst is the younger son of the late Mr. Francis Schnadhorst. Our portrait is by F. and R. Speaight, Regent Street.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Moore Gawne, commanding the 2nd Battalion King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, died of wounds received at Vryheid. He passed the staff college in 1890, and served as D.A.A.G. on the staff and in Egypt. He returned from Singapore with the 1st Battalion of the Royal Lancaster Regiment early this year and succeeded Colonel Crofton in command in Natal,

the merchant service. In 1895 he took part in the Brass River Expedition, a campaign which was successfully carried out by Sir Claude MacDonald. At that time Mr. Bouchier was in the service of the Niger Company. On the conclusion of the campaign Mr. Bouchier went to South Africa and settled in Johannesburg, where he had a valuable appointment as electrical engineer at one of the mines. While in Johannesburg early last year he foresaw the coming storm and did valuable service for the British cause by raising recruits for Baden-Powell's Mafeking garrison, and he was instrumental in the sending of nearly all the recruits to the town whose gallant defence excited the admiration of the civilised world. Mr. Bouchier himself joined that crack colonial Volunteer corps, the Imperial Light Horse, and took part with it in the fiercest engagements of the early part of the war. When strategic reasons rendered it necessary that Ladysmith should be held at all costs it will be remembered that among the defenders of that town were the Imperial Light Horse, and with his wife Mr. Bouchier underwent the trials of the siege, living for a long time on horseflesh and soup. Mrs. Bouchier, who was an army nursing sister, and had previously seen active warfare in the Sudan, had during the siege charge of the hospital convent. After the relief of the besieged town, Mr. Bouchier was one of the picked body of men which was chosen for the Mafeking relief column. From that time every engagement the regiment was in saw this gallant Ulsterman to the fore until he received his death wound in one of the sharpest engagements in the campaign, viz., that at Bronkhorst Spruit. Early in the fight he received a mortal wound. He was removed to Johannesburg, where he passed peacefully away eight days later. Our portrait is by Macnab, Glasgow.

face; simply trimming his beard and moustache at times. Of two matters of every-day life on board a ship: at anchor, or in harbour, wherever a ship may be, every morning at eight o'clock the colours are hoisted—the White Ensign—on the ensign staff at the stern. As the ship's bell strikes the hour every morning at eight, the bells the men salute the flag while the band plays the National Anthem. Everyone on deck at the first stroke of the bell stops in what he is doing, faces aft and stands still with his hand at his cap until the band ceases. The other matter is coaling ship. Imagine at home in an every-day citizen's house all the sweeps of the neighbourhood at work together, or more in each room from kitchen to attic, and the wind the coals being delivered at the same time. The resulting mess would not be one-fiftieth—not one-hundredth part—as dirty things are on board a ship of war after coaling. Every article on deck is half an inch deep in coal grit, and every cabin, however tightly secured, is permeated with the dust, making everything soot grey. It takes two days, and more sometimes, to clean it completely, with tons of sea water from every available hose in the ship, swirling everywhere about the decks half a foot deep. Finally, the armament of the *Jupiter* consists of four 12-in. heavy guns, twelve 6-in., eighteen 12-pounder and twelve 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and eight machine-guns. The two 12-in. 50-ton guns in the after barbette fire over the quarter-deck, and can sweep the sea from one side of the ship at right angles, or rather more ahead of that, round to the other with their huge shells, each 850 lbs. in weight, able to perforate 3 ft. thick of wrought iron at 1,000 yards distance, and fired off at the rate of three rounds each gun in four minutes.

## Jack on the "Tramp"

BY AN OLD VOYAGER

THE grave question of how to obtain an adequate supply of recruits for Her Majesty's land forces during peace times shortly absorb public attention. It is the most difficult of all problems Mr. Brodrick has to deal with, and by far the most difficult, as the efficiency of the Army mainly depends on its recruitment. But there is another question of scarcely less importance which does not fall within the province of the War Office. Our mercantile marine is more and more manned with sailors, and in the event of a great maritime war, that navy of the British Navy would be pretty certain to furnish a large supply of seamen than in previous emergencies of a kindred nature. The lascars, for instance, who so largely man merchant ships trading with the East would be of no use whatever as recruits, while any European sailors belonging to the nation with which we were at war could not be asked to render aid against their fellow-countrymen. It is true that the fishermen along the coast would furnish a large number of excellent recruits, but that source of supply has always existed, and there is no reason to assume that it would contribute more largely in the future than it has been wont to do in the past.

One of the reasons of the position is, then, that the mercantile marine can no longer be relied upon as a feeder for the fighting line to the same extent as in former times. That being the indisputable fact, the question of questions is why the foreign element largely displaced the British in crews of English merchant ships. Although I have not the honour to belong to the seafaring service, I have made many long voyages in both sailing ships and steamers, covering altogether a period of fully three years on the water, and may claim, therefore, some little knowledge of the treatment of seamen. Shipowners who give the preference to foreign seamen are in the habit of asserting that, while the latter are paid lower wages, they are more docile and submissive than the British. No doubt Jack is prone, like most Britons, to stick to his rights, or what he considers to be such; it may be granted that the teachings of trade unionism have not helped him in that respect. But my own experiences on board merchant ships grant the assertion that discipline almost invariably walks hand in hand with good treatment. In the great steamship lines discipline is nearly as rare as in fighting ships.

Simply because the crews have a reasonable degree of freedom; they are well fed, well housed, not overworked, and never subjected to brutal bullying. The result is that these great services of the British-born tars, although only paying the established rates, are more efficient than those of the foreign element. A different is the condition of a sailor on board a "tramp." The voyage is at all prolonged—indeed, very often without end; the fare provided for his sustenance is such as a most hardened pauper stomach would revolt at. I have seen, and again, the adamant "bread"—that is the nautical term for biscuits—literally crawling with big fat maggots. As for salt junk and preserved provisions, the wonder is how Jack can live on such poor food. There is plenty of grease, however, to keep the lamp of life burning; the chef at the galley has a peculiar way of roasting all viands with a superabundance of yellowish oil.



These women are wives of Soudanese soldiers in the Uganda Rifles

AN AL FRESCO TOILET IN UGANDA

From a Photograph by Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.B., Special Commissioner and Consul-General of the Uganda Protectorate

Jack, philosopher as he is, might make his account with these disagreeables were he only secure of undisturbed rest when off watch. But during stormy weather his berth is apt to become unpleasantly damp, and, so long as it continues, the bed-clothes necessarily remain thoroughly soaked. It is small wonder, therefore, that rheumatic complaints are very common on board "tramps;" after any prolonged storm you will see sailors limping about with torture written on their faces at every movement of the crippled limbs. But only the inexperienced care to apply for medical treatment; the old hands know what an evil thing it is for a sailor to come under the suspicion of being a "malingerer." Besides, they do not feel much confidence in the skipper's medical knowledge. As a rule, it is limited to the belief that powerful and extremely nauseous purgatives, with liberal administration of mercury, are sovereign remedies for all disorders. Occasionally a vague notion that fever should be treated with quinine has entered into the worthy commander's comprehension. I remember one instance in which that drug was administered to a poor fellow suffering from brain fever in a very pronounced form. In another case, a skipper who rather prided himself on his medical lore, made it a practice to administer a tumblerful of strong senna and

salts to every member of the crew, both on entering and leaving the tropics. When I ventured to suggest that the same sort of treatment could hardly be suitable both on entering the super-heated belt and on leaving it behind, the fine old salt scoffed at the notion as not borne out by his own experiences.

Bullying and bully-ragging might be put up with if confined to speech, although Jack does not at all relish being perpetually rated, whether in fault or otherwise. But physical violence is frequently resorted to by ill-tempered skippers and mates, when verbal abuse appears to have lost its supposed remedial effect. Should a sailor even return a sullen look when savagely rated for some trifling dereliction of duty, a knock-down blow either with the fist or with some convenient weapon, is the customary retort courteous on board many "tramps." I have heard, too, of cases in which the officers not only carried but made frequent display of revolvers, by way of intimidation. Another and even more brutal device is to set the crew collectively against some individual sailor by imputing to him such lack of seamanship as necessitates the performance of his work by his comrades. Once a man gets that name, it is sure to stick, and he finds himself a pariah, scorned and persecuted by all on board. "Shirking" is one of the worst offences in Jack's peculiar code of morality; while lax in many serious matters, it is inexorable in punishing the shirker with inflexible severity. No treatment is too bad for him, while, should he attempt retaliation, the whole crew unite to make his life miserable by petty tyrannies. Not a few of the suicides on board tramps are the outcome of this brutal boycotting.

These, then, are some of the reasons why the British mercantile marine runs more and more short of native-born seamen. The deficiency is of such enormous and pressing importance from a national standpoint that the Government would be well advised to appoint a Royal Commission, with special reference to "tramps."



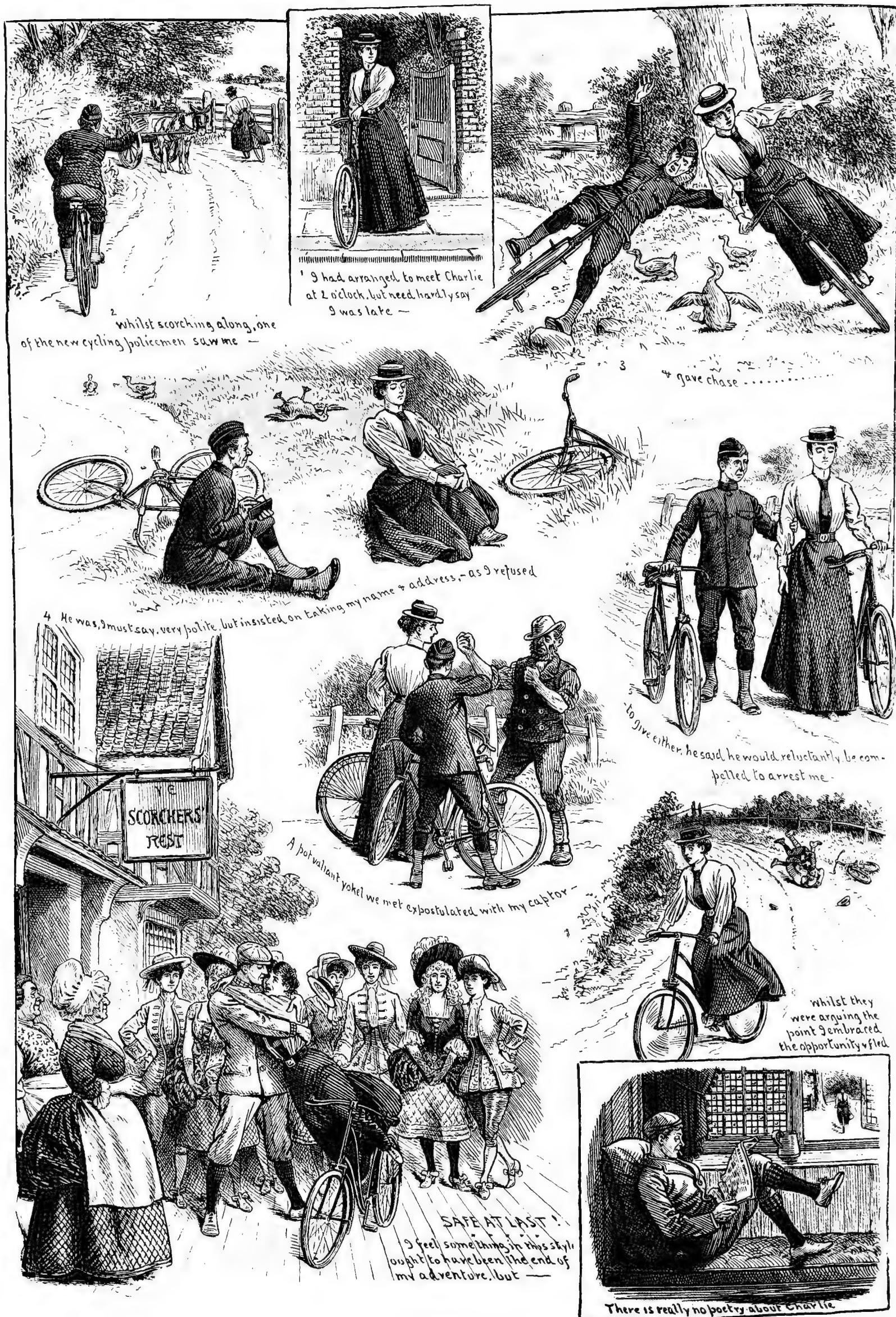
Officers, as well as soldiers, are fond of animals, and the cat here shown is a general favourite with the crew of the battleship Jupiter. Our photograph is by G. West and Son, Southsea

THE SHIP'S MASCOTTE: A PET ON H.M.S. "JUPITER"



The gold mines of Croydon, North Queensland, have forwarded to the Royal Bank of Queensland, London, a 12oz. bar of gold bullion for presentation to General Baden-Powell as a mark of esteem. The bar bears the following inscription: "A tribute to valour from the Croydon Gold Fields, North Queensland, to Baden-Powell, of Mafeking. From his admirers on the Croydon Gold Fields, North Queensland. This one pound bar of Croydon gold is 24-carat, and so are you."

ANOTHER PRESENTATION TO "B.-P."



DRAWN BY W. DALSTON

FROM SKETCHES BY A. M. HORWOOD

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY SCORCHER: A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE FROM ONE OF THE NEW CYCLIST POLICE



DRAWN BY W. T. MALL

The most northern point of Scandinavia or Finland is inhabited by Lapps. They are divided into Mountain and Field Lapps. The latter live in the valleys, and are employed chiefly in agriculture; the former keep to the mountains, and they are very wealthy owing to their immense herds of reindeer, which graze summer and winter in the open. If the snow is very

deep in winter the herds are brought down to the more sheltered valleys. In spite of constant watchfulness they are even there not safe from the invasion of wolves, whom hunger drives down to the low land for their victims. The Mountain Lapps, in consequence, organise wolf-hunts during the winter. They pursue the animals on ski, or snowshoes, and owing to the

SPORT IN LAPLAND: A WOLF-HUNT ON SKI

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG

great speed at which they can get over the frozen snow, they soon overtake the flying beasts and kill them. The hunters carry nothing but a short, heavy spear, which they drive home with a practised hand. Only when wounded do the wolves attack their pursuers; otherwise the cowardly beasts seek safety in flight

## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It is a golden rule to expect the worst and hope for the best. Neither the authorities nor the public imagined that the war in South Africa would be lengthened out to reach another Christmas, and both prepared to give a cordial welcome to the returning troops and neglected to arrange for the entertainment of two hundred thousand men in the field at Christmas time. Even Her Majesty did not arrange to send chocolate or any other present to the troops. It is not that those at home have lost interest in the war, or are less generously disposed than they were twelve months ago, but time has crept rapidly by whilst they were expecting the campaign to cease, and the nation is more or less surprised. It is understood, however, that the Queen will devise some means for displaying her sympathy with the men.

It would be very regrettable were those who have returned to be made much of at Christmas—as most of them will be—whilst their less fortunate comrades in South Africa received less attention than was accorded to them last year.

When Parliament reassembles the Secretary for War will be asked to state how many officers have surrendered to the enemy in South Africa, and how many of them were wounded at the time of their capture. The reverse which occurred last week has caused general irritation, especially amongst older men who were in the Army in their youth and those who saw service in the Crimea. Moreover many of them cannot understand how it is that the ammunition has so frequently run short on our side, whilst few of the enemy have been forced to surrender from the same cause.

Now that Lord Wolseley has ceased to be Commander-in-Chief many of his opponents in the Army are prepared to make allowances for the difficulties which he had to contend against during his tenure of that office. Lord Wolseley was an avowed reformer, and the majority of the officers was opposed to military reform. The war in South Africa has opened the eyes not only of the country, but of the officers, and it is now admitted by many of the latter that Lord Wolseley's policy was correct in principle though the details were in many directions undesirable. There are those who express the hope that Lord Wolseley will defend himself in the House of Lords when Parliament reassembles, for his side of the dispute has not yet been presented to the public as distinctly as it should be.

To the great relief of the Russian nation Tsar Nicholas is completely convalescent. There is no need of further bulletins, while so satisfactory is His Majesty's progress that it is hoped he may even get back to St. Petersburg for the Russian New Year if not for Christmas. A trip to the Riviera or to Sicily is suggested in order to restore His Majesty's strength completely, but plans must also depend on the Empress's health. The Tsar has published a message of thanks to his people for their sympathy during his illness.

Wedding preparations go on busily in Holland, and the list of wedding guests is being made out. There will be numerous German and Russian Royal relatives and friends, and every available room of the Royal Palaces will be in requisition. The Queen's wedding-dress has been cut out in Paris and sent to the Amsterdam Industrial Art School, where six of the best pupils are covering the skirt and train with an elaborate design worked in silver thread and spangles. When finished the dress is to be sent back to Paris to be made up, as Her Majesty likes Parisian style for such an important occasion. The fabric itself, however, is of Dutch manufacture. Speaking of Royal weddings, the Spanish Princess of the Asturias is to have the man of her choice after all if Parliament is not too strong for her. The Queen-Regent has

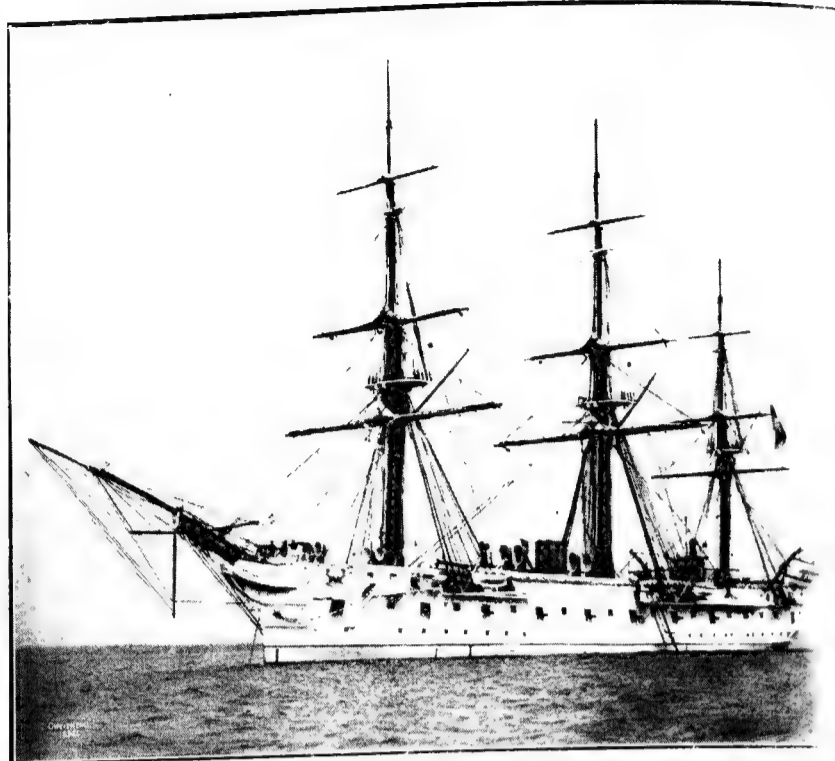
formally approved the match with Don Carlos, son of the Count of Caserta, and has sent a message to the Cortes announcing the marriage.

## "The Treasure of Petrossa"

"THE TREASURE OF PETROSSA" has a sound that awakens in a moment all our romantic instincts, our sympathy with the passion—half cupidity, half love of adventure—that most frequently inspires the explorer, and, in the better-informed of us, our love of art and our respect for ancient ingenuity. More than thirty years must have elapsed, if we remember rightly, since M. Odobesco appeared with his first essay upon his fascinating subject—the essay which was afterwards published in Copenhagen in 1875; and it is looking back over a long period to recall the attention given to the treasure by Mr. Soden Smith, of South Kensington, of M. de Linas and Herr E. Bock. But ever since his first sight of the treasure M. Odobesco has been working at his subject, and now, after a lifetime of labour, in which he has piled fact upon fact and added knowledge to research, he has produced a gigantic volume which tells us everything that he knows and most of what he guesses—a splendid volume which, encouraged by that great art-lover, the King of Roumania, appears in a setting of Royal magnificence.

What is the "Treasure of Petrossa"? In the springtime of 1837 two peasants of the village of Petrossa were extracting stone from the unwilling side of Mount Istriza, in Roumania, when they came upon a buried, or rather hidden, treasure of golden vases and rings of gold, some of which were studded with precious stones. The melting value of the vessels was nearly two thousand pounds; the artistic and archaeological value cannot be estimated. Such of the vessels and objects of personal adornment as escaped the rascality of interlopers now occupy a place of honour in the Royal Museum of Bucharest, after having lately paid their second visit to Paris, where they were exhibited at the Louvre. On the first occasion they were seen at the Exhibition of 1867, where they were shown with extraordinary precautions and were each night returned to their heavy iron safe. These pieces, twelve in number—vases, fibulae, neck-rings, dish, etc.—went through exciting adventures after their first discovery before the authorities obtained them from the scoundrel who acquired and all but destroyed them; but the State secured them eventually, yet until the Professor, who is author of this great work, turned the light of his learning upon them, they and their history remained extremely mysterious. But the author has done a great deal more. He has aimed at such complete thoroughness in dealing with his subject, he has brought together in description and illustration, by way of comparison, so many other objects of even the most distant similarity now reposing in the various museums of Europe, that he has ended by producing one of the most elaborate treatises upon ancient goldsmithery and jewellery that we know of. Meanwhile, there is something pathetic about the very completeness of the illustrations. Each object

"La Tresor de Petrossa." By A. Odobesco. With 372 Illustrations, Chromolithographs and Photogravures. (Paris: Rothschild, 1900.)



The German training ship *Gneisenau* was wrecked off Malaga on Sunday. The vessel, an armoured corvette of 2,856 tons displacement, had a complement of 460 men, including 49 naval cadets and 25 in training for the fleet. The latest telegrams put the number of lives lost at 28, including the captain. The Spanish authorities rendered all the assistance possible, and Admiral Fisher, in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, sent two ships to the site of the wreck. He also telegraphed to the Emperor his condolences. The Kaiser replied as follows:—"My Consul telegraphs that you have kindly sent two ships to assist our poor men at Malaga. I hasten to thank you sincerely. Your action shows once again that sailors are comrades all the world over, and that blood is thicker than water." Our photograph by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

THE GERMAN TRAINING-SHIP "GNEISENAU," WRECKED OFF MALAGA

is shown by coloured lithography, as it was when it was new as it is now seen from every point of view—back, front, side, bottom, inside, outside, and in perspective; and not only by means of pen drawings, photogravure, and wood-engraving. The detail is extraordinary; the expense could have been less extraordinary; and if it has produced a book-allum which is less widely than we care to read from, that is a drawback which must reproach to the modern passion for great *éditions de luxe*.

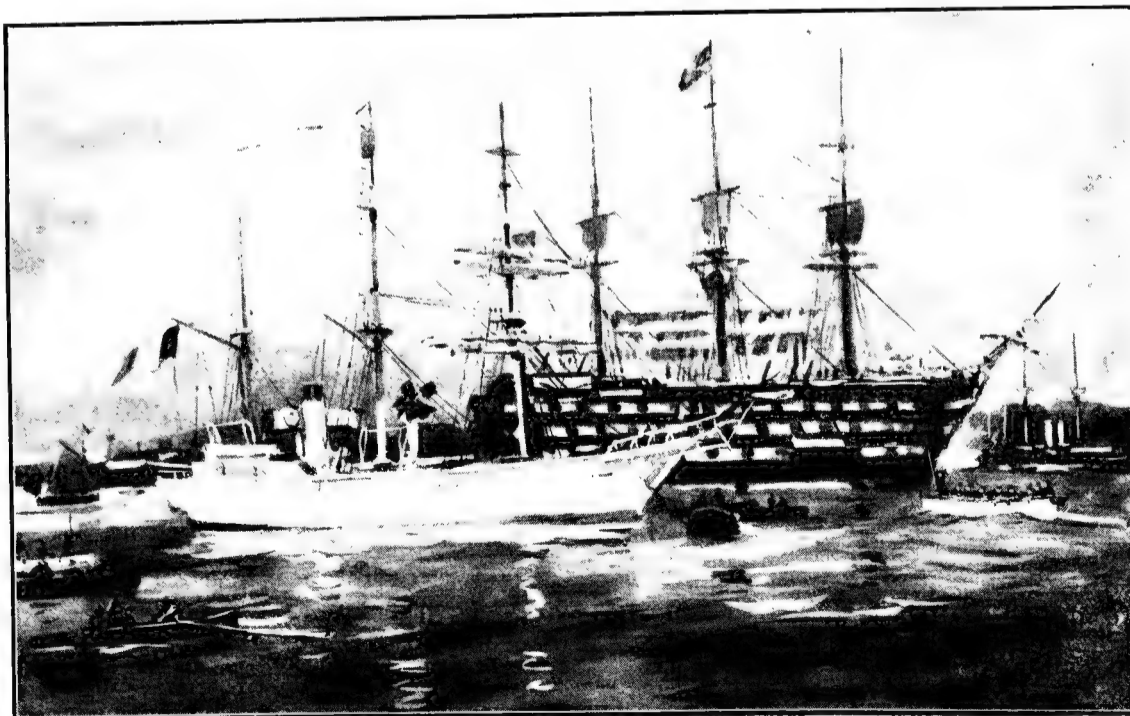
The work is divided into three portions—the first, the discovery of the treasure, its history and bibliography; the second, an elaborate description of the objects; and the third, the artistic and archaeological considerations suggested by the objects themselves and the results of research. It need not be said that everything of these beautiful works is extraordinary—their casual concealment on the bare mountain side, their chance discovery, their treatment by dishonest rascals, their strange recovery by the Government, their design, richness and ornamentation: their probable history, these things offer fine material for the student and the romance. Professor Odobesco is both, and an enthusiast as well, and his conviction that the beautiful pieces belong to the fourth and fifth centuries, and were manufactured in Dacia before Trajan, himself master of the country, will probably be shared by his readers.

## The Late Mr. C. A. Hanbury

MR. CHARLES ADDINGTON HANBURY, of Belmont, East Barnet, Herts, met with a fatal accident while hunting with the Warwickshire hounds at Grandborough, near Rugby. His horse fell at a blind ditch, and Mr. Hanbury was thrown head foremost, breaking his neck. Mr. Hanbury was born in 1827, and in 1853 married Christiana, daughter of John Mackenzie, M.D. He was a member of the well-known brewing firm, a J.P. for Middlesex and Herts, and D.L. and J.P. for Ross-shire. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE MR. C. A. HANBURY  
Killed in the hunting field



DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. COLE, R.N.

In the midst of the ever-monotonous warlike routine bustle of Portsmouth—channel ships coming in from Spithead, salutes to the new Admiral, etc.—the white *Stella Polare*, the vessel in which the Duke of the Abruzzi went to explore the Arctic regions, quietly came into the harbour and was moored to a buoy. She is on her way home after having been away some eighteen months. About the same time of year, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the *Alert* and *Discovery* returned to this harbour.

"PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES, NO LESS RENOWNED THAN WAR"

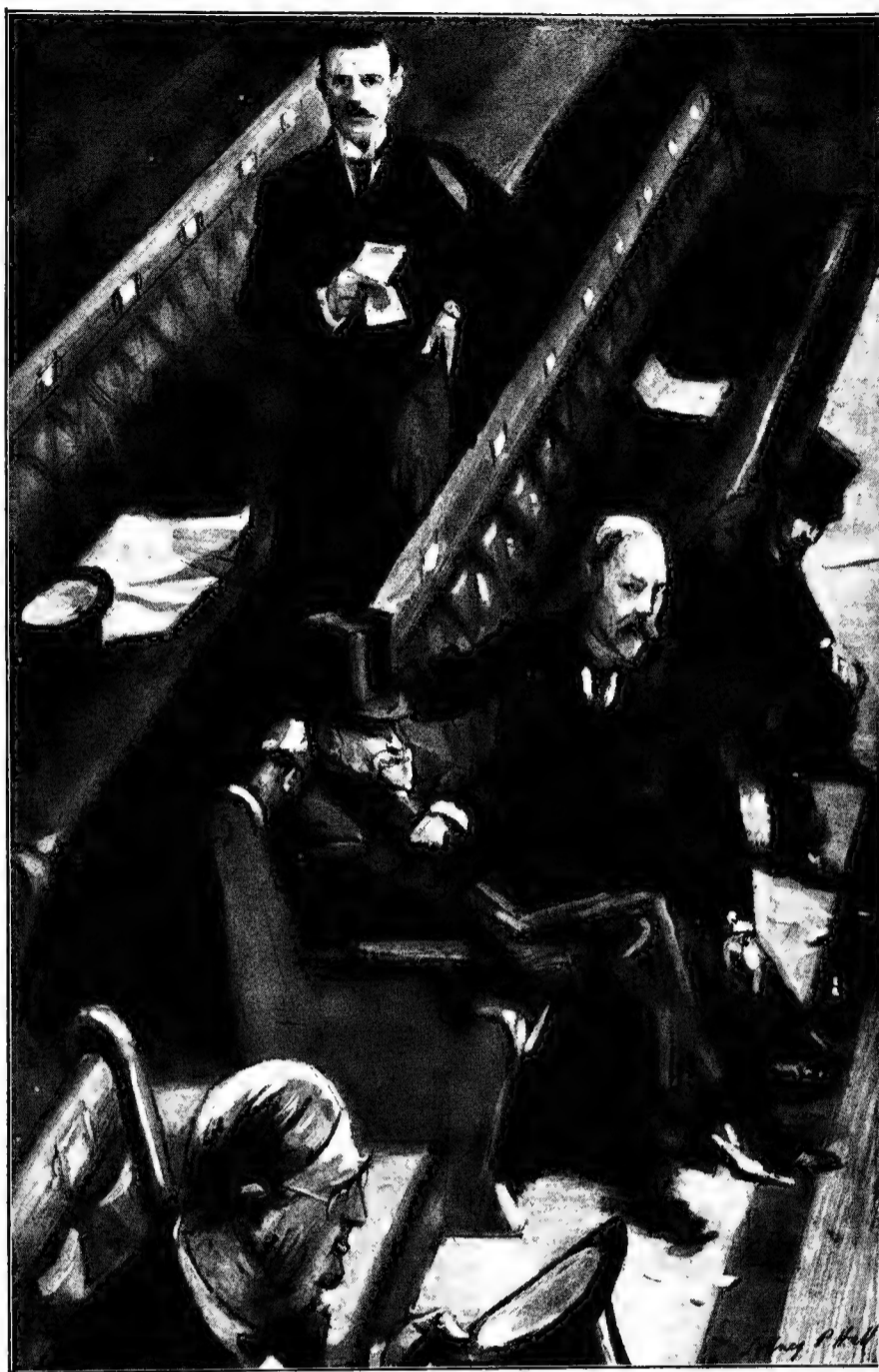
CENTRAL LONDON THROAT AND EAR HOSPITAL, GREAT ROAD.—The Committee make an earnest appeal for funds to carry on the benevolent work of this charity. The Hospital has neither endowment nor income. Over 8,000 out-patients and 300 in-patients received the institution last year. A grant has been received from the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund towards a very necessary extension of the in-patients' department, but until more funds are raised nothing can be done. Notwithstanding the continued growth in the number of those claiming its assistance the income is diminished. Unfortunately there remains a heavy debt upon the institution towards the redemption of which it is earnestly solicited. They will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co., 54, Lombard Street, or by Mr. Richard Kerslaw, secretary, at the Hospital.

## Our Yeomanry

THE committee appointed by the War Office "to consider the future organisation, training, and equipment of the Yeomanry force" has no light task to accomplish. Up to the outbreak of the South African War the Yeomanry had continuously dwindled both in numbers and efficiency. Originally composed almost exclusively of farmers and their sons, it shared with them the loss to the agricultural interest consequent upon the substitution of Free Trade for Protection. The fine hunters which had served as troopers had to be got rid of to give place to such horses as could be borrowed or hired for the annual training. Even then, however, numbers of Yeomen, while not a whit less patriotic or martial than their predecessors had been, found it impossible to remain active members of the force without inflicting hardships on their families. There were outgoings for uniform, messing, and quarters which could not be stinted without damage to the regimental reputation for smartness and hospitality. It may be the case that, in some instances, this *sprit de corps* produced unjustifiable extravagance. Tales used to be told of the rank and file consuming champagne, claret, and brandy as if the high prices which then had to be paid for such beverages were of no consequence. Probably there was a large measure of exaggeration in these stories, but there seems to be substantial evidence that the average Yeoman made the annual training an excuse for a jollification. All the same for that, he took pride in attaining a large degree of soldierly efficiency, while in the matter of riding across country he could give points to most of the Regular Cavalry. Armed for the chief part with heavy sabres, and endowed with exceptional physical strength, these farmer-soldiers could have held their own in the best company at charging and hand-to-hand fighting.

Such, then, were the constituents of the Yeomanry Cavalry in the "good old times." But with the introduction of Free Trade a revolutionary change gradually spread over the force, and its numerical strength so dwindled that, when Mr. Kruger threw down the gauntlet to Queen Victoria, the muster roll did not show more than half the full establishment. Nor was the military quality of the force nearly so high as during the first half of the nineteenth century. To make a respectable appearance at the annual inspection, commanding officers had to widen the meshes of the recruiting net, and the ranks became considerably filled in some instances with very inferior riders. They improved, it is true, after training, but they were made of different stuff and had different notions to the fine fellows who had previously occupied their places. In some few instances, generous outlay by the officers kept the corps, to some extent, on the old footing, and it was mainly these favoured regiments which supplied the comparatively small contingent of Yeomanry Cavalry that rendered help to Lord Roberts. The Imperial Yeomanry is, of course, a different body altogether; it never had existence prior to the war, but was raised expressly for the campaign from the community at large when discovery was made that the military in South Africa urgently needed to be supplied with more mounted troops, whether good, bad, or indifferent riders.

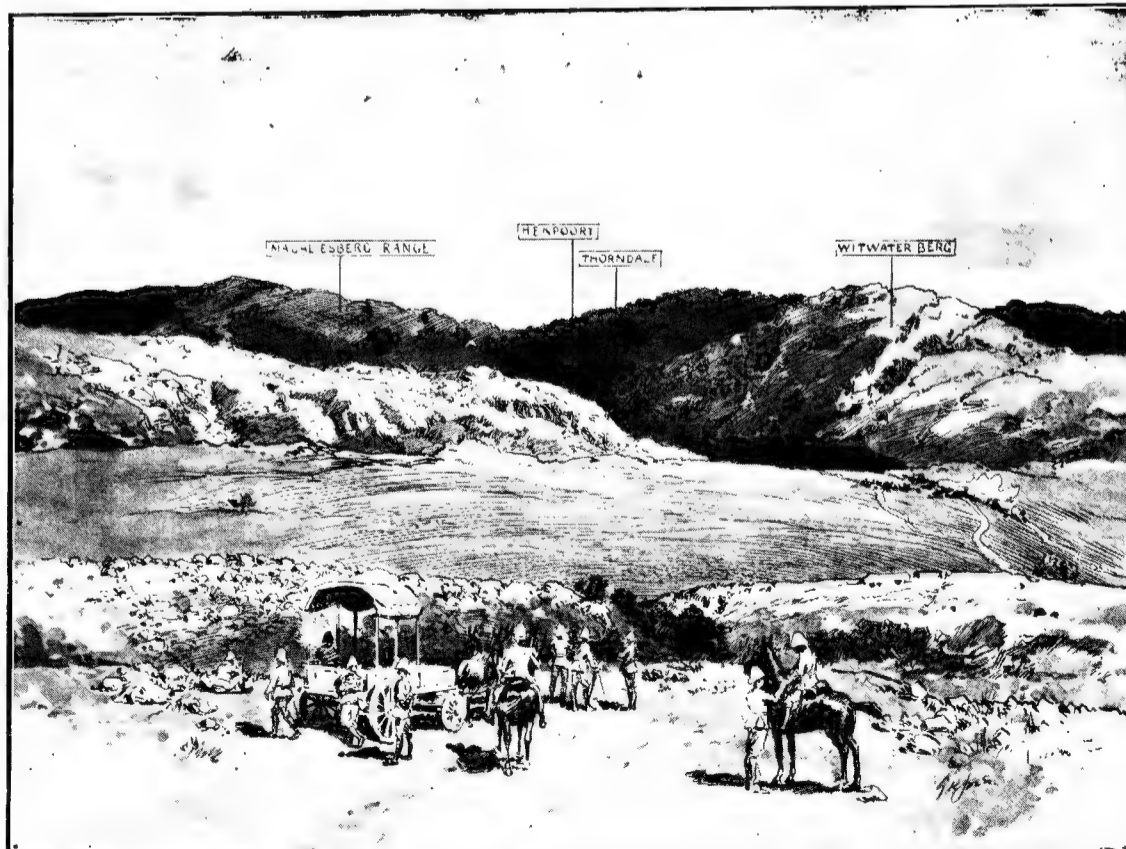
Here, then, lies the most important part of the work lying before the War Office Committee. Some twelve months ago our auxiliary forces—the second line of land defence—were ludicrously overweighted with unmounted troops in comparison to mounted. The Militia and Volunteers made up between them 300,000 efficient, whereas the Yeomanry Cavalry, the only mounted supplement exclusive of the Regulars, did not muster one-thirtieth of that aggregate, and many of these none too efficient. The first step should, therefore, be to endeavour to win back some of its old popularity for the Yeomanry; to merely convert it from cavalry into mounted infantry would be about as useful as applying a new stopper to a decanter after allowing the best part of the contents to escape. In itself the change is desirable, but its introduction may well be postponed until the now attenuated force is doubled, or even trebled, in fighting strength. The chief difficulty lies in the purchase and keep of horses; if that could only be surmounted there can be little doubt that the old class of recruits would most willingly join. Happily, the committee is composed wholly of experts, under the able chairmanship of Lord Harris, and it may be safely trusted to



Sir W. Harcourt was strongly of opinion that the cost of the war should be thrown upon the mines, but he was equally strong in expressing the belief that the mines would afford very little money. Mr. Markham, in a maiden speech, explained that he had studied the subject of South African gold-mining on the spot, and asserted that if a reasonable system of direct taxation of the mines were imposed an astonishing sum could be raised. He differed from Sir W. Harcourt in the view which he took of the prospects of the Transvaal, where there were coal, copper, and other valuable minerals in addition to gold.

AN OUNCE OF FACT IS WORTH A TON OF FICTION: MR. MARKHAM REPLYING TO SIR W. HARCOURT

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



The Boers simultaneously attacked Clements's camp at Nooitgedacht and the top of the Magaliesberg, which was held by four companies of Northumberland Fusiliers. The Fusiliers fought as long as ammunition lasted, and were then compelled to surrender. The capture of the heights having rendered Clements's position untenable, he retired on Hekpoort, taking up a position on a hill in the centre of the valley. Subsequently, as reported in a despatch from Lord Kitchener, General Clements brought in his force to Commando Nek unopposed. Our view of the scene of the fighting is from a sketch by Colonel Watson, R.F.A., who accompanied General Ian Hamilton in the pursuit of De Wet in this district in August.

THE NOOITGEDACHT REVERSE: THE SCENE OF THE FIGHTING ON THE MAGALIESBERG MOUNTAINS

tell the War Office, should such telling be needed, that if the State desires an auxiliary mounted force reasonably proportionate to the unmounted auxiliaries, the horse difficulty must be dealt with in a more generous spirit than was displayed at the last official attempt.

## The Nooitgedacht Reverse

LORD KITCHENER, in a despatch dated December 13, from Pretoria, reports that at dawn of day General Clements's force at Nooitgedacht, on the Magaliesberg, was attacked by the Boers under Delarey, reinforced by Beyer's commando from Warm Baths—their total strength being estimated at 2,500. Though at first repulsed, the enemy managed to get on the top of the Magaliesberg, which was held by four companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and were thus able to command General Clements's camp. He retired in good order on Hekpoort, and took up a position on a hill in the centre of the valley. There seems no doubt that a grave disaster was averted by the coolness and ability of the General, who next day brought in his force to Commando Nek. The fighting was very severe, and the casualties were heavy—killed, five officers (including Colonel Norton Legge) and nine men; missing, 18 officers and 555 men. These latter included the four companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers.

During the fight the fire of the enemy was so deadly that a quantity of ammunition had to be abandoned and fell into the hands of the Boers. It being mistaken by them for stores, was set fire to. A frightful explosion followed, and a number of the burghers were killed and others injured. The track of the retreating British guns was marked by the bodies of the dead and wounded of the mounted infantry, who heroically covered the retreat. The places of the fallen were at once filled by their comrades, eager to save the guns or die. The devotion of the mounted infantry was the admiration of all. Their fight was one of the grandest feats of successful heroism during the war. The New South Wales Medical Corps did magnificent work under a terrible fire. The hills held by the Northumberland Fusiliers have been found strewn with broken rifles, presumably destroyed by the gallant defenders. It is said that nine waggon loads of Boer dead and wounded were removed from the plateau alone. Amongst the killed was Jan Joubert, the youngest son of the late Commandant General.

A STORY OF LORD ROBERTS.—An amusing incident in Lord Roberts's career is told in *The Golden Penny*. On a certain occasion, some years ago, the gallant General was paying a visit to a friend in the Emerald Isle. A curious but strict rule of the establishment was that while guests were staying at the house no person was allowed within its grounds, which were watched by a brawny son of Erin about six feet high.

The morning after he arrived Lord Roberts slipped out unseen, dressed in a very easy style, with the intention of having a look over the grounds. He had not proceeded far through the gardens when he was pounced on by a big fellow, who gruffly shouted:—

"Where wid ye be goin'?"

"Do you know whom you are addressing?" retorted Lord Roberts.

"Addressin' or not addressin', out ye go."

"Why, I'm Roberts; stay."

"Shure, if ye take that gintleman's name in vain, bedad, an' I'll throw ye over the bridge yonder!"

Lord Roberts saw the situation, and returned, but he was resolved to have the joke out, so, telling his experience to his host, the keeper was brought before him. The poor fellow immediately saw his mistake, and craved their pardon, which was soon granted, and he departed richer than when he went in.

THE PARIS SALON next year will be thoroughly reorganised to fit its new quarters—the Grand Palais in the Champs Elysées. To the great grief of struggling artists the new building will not hold so many pictures as the defunct Palais de l'Industrie, so no artist may send in more than two works. About 1,500 pictures can be hung—some 800 less than before. Speaking of these art displays, the Americans propose to start an annual Salon in New York on the French model.



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

Our English men-of-war on the China Station employ Chinese messmen and stewards for the officers' messes. In the present unsafe state of Shan-hai-Quan and its surroundings, whenever these men land to do their marketing—which takes them three and a half miles to the native city of the same name—they,

with the Chinese coolies, whom they with difficulty hire to carry their purchases, have to be accompanied for protection by an armed escort of marines

WITH THE ALLIES IN CHINA: CHINESE MESSMEN MARKETING IN CHARGE OF AN ARMED ESCORT AT SHAN-HAI-QUAN



A Correspondent writes:—"This new room and surrounding suite of rooms has lately been opened, and is probably the finest and largest in the world. The main room is 201 feet long by 175 feet wide and 40 feet high. It is composed mostly of marble and is lighted by electricity. Electric lights are round the cornice and in the roof as well as on the seats, and warmed throughout by furnaces, a system of heating quite common in large buildings in America. The train is also heated from the engine, steam-pipes traversing either side of the carriage warming the interior quite comfortably, being far preferable to hot-water pans,

which gradually get cold. There is also a large smoke-room, where one can buy tobacco, cigars, and all smokers' requisites, and boots can be blacked, while there are, too, telephone and telegraph offices and a tea-room. Flowers may be bought, and ice-water is provided. All these conveniences and many others are in or leading off the one large waiting-room, and passengers coming from the cold outside into this spacious, warm, comfortable hall find it very pleasant. Railway travelling becomes a pleasure in these conditions rather than a trouble to be avoided if possible."

AN UP-TO-DATE RAILWAY STATION: THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE GRAND CENTRAL, NEW YORK

DRAWN BY A. HENRY FULLWOOD



"Half a minute later two men bearing naked swords in their hands might be seen butting through the barrier of flaming wood

## LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

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### CHAPTER XIX.—(continued)



O the doorway," said Martin, "and remember what I told you. Away with the bows, cold steel must do the rest."

Now they stood by the open door, Martin, a helmet from the walls upon his head tied beneath his chin with a piece of rope because it was too small for him, the

great sword Silence lifted ready to strike, and Foy behind gripping his long pike with both hands. Below them from the gathered mob of soldiers came a confused clamour, then a voice called out an order and they heard footsteps on the stair.

"Look out; they are coming," said Martin, turning his head so that Foy caught sight of his face. It was transfigured, it was terrible. The great red beard seemed to bristle, the pale blue unshaded eyes rolled and glittered, they glittered like the blue steel of the sword Silence that hovered above them. In that dread instant of expectancy Foy remembered his vision of the morning. Lo! it was fulfilled, for before him stood Martin, the peaceful, patient giant, transformed into a Red Vengeance.

A man reached the head of the ladder, stepped upon one of the loose cannon-balls and fell with an oath and a crash. But behind him came others. Suddenly they turned the corner, suddenly they burst into view, three or four of them together. Gallantly they rushed on. The first of them caught his feet in the trap of the door and fell headlong across it. Of him Martin took no heed, but Foy did, for before ever he could rise he had driven his pike down between the man's shoulders, so that he died there upon the door. At the next Martin struck, and Foy saw this one suddenly grow

small and double up, which, if he had found leisure to examine the nature of his wound, would have surprised him very little. Another man followed so quickly that Martin could not lift the sword to meet him. But he pointed with it, and next instant was shaking his carcass off its blade.

After this Foy could keep no count. Martin slashed with the sword, and when he found a chance he thrust with the pike, till at length there were none to thrust at, for this was more than the Spaniards had bargained. Two of them lay dead in the doorway, and others had been dragged or had tumbled down the ladder, while from the onlookers, and at the windows without, as they caught sight of them being brought forth dead or sorely wounded, went up shout upon shout of joy.

"So far we have done very well," said Martin quietly, "but if they come up again, we must be cooler and not waste our strength so much. Had I not struck so hard, I might have killed another man."

But the Spaniards showed no sign of coming up any more; they had seen enough of that narrow way, and of the red swordsman who awaited them in the doorway round the corner. Indeed it was a bad place for attackers, since they could not shoot with arquebuses

or arrows, but must pass in to be slaughtered like sheep at the shambles in the dim room beyond. So, being cautious men, who loved their lives, they took a safer counsel.

The tank beneath the shot-tower, when it was not in use, was closed with a stone cover, and around this they piled firewood and peats, from a stack in the corner of the yard, and standing in the centre set light to it. Martin lay down watching them through a crack in the floor. Then he signed to Foy, and whispered, and going to the iron baths, Foy drew from them two large buckets of molten lead, each as much as a man could carry. Again Martin looked through the crack waiting till several of the burners were gathered beneath. Then with a swift motion he lifted up the trap-door, and as those below stared upwards wondering, full into their faces came the buckets of molten lead. Down went two of them never to speak more, while others ran out shrieking and aflame, tearing at their hair and garments.

After this the Spaniards grew more wary, and built their fires round the oak piers till the flames, eating up them, fired the building, and the room above grew full of little curling wreaths of smoke.

"Now we must choose," said Martin, "whether we will be roasted like fowls in an oven, or go down and have our throats cut like pigs in the open."

"For my part I mean to die in the air," coughed Foy.

"So say I, master. Listen. We can't get down the stair, for they are watching for us there, so we must drop from the trap-door and charge through the fire. Then, if we are lucky, back to back and fight it out."

Half a minute later two men bearing naked swords in their hands might be seen bursting through the barrier of flaming wood. Out they came safely enough, and there in an open space, not far from the gateway, halted back to back, rubbing the water from their smarting eyes. On them, a few seconds later, like hounds on a wounded bear, dashed the mob of soldiers, while from every throat of the hundreds who were watching went up shrill cries of encouragement, grief, and fear. Men fell before them, but others rushed in. They were down, they were up again, once more they were down, and this time one of them rose only, the great man Martin. Slowly he staggered to his feet, shaking off the soldiers who tried to hold him, as a dog in the game-pit shakes off rats. He was up, he stood across the body of his companion, and once more that fearful sword was sweeping round, bringing death to all it touched. They drew back, but a soldier, old in war, creeping behind him suddenly threw a cloak over his head. Then the end came, and slowly, very slowly, they overcame his strength, and bore him down and bound him, while the watching mob groaned and wept with grief.

## CHAPTER XX.

### IN THE GEVANGENHUIS

WHEN Adrian left the factory he ran on to the house in the Bree Straat.

"Oh! what has happened?" said his mother as he burst into the room where she and Elsa were at work.

"They are coming for him!" he gasped—"the soldiers from the Gevangenhuys. Where is he? Let him escape quickly—my stepfather."

Lysbeth staggered and fell back into her chair.

"How do you know?" she asked.

At the question Adrian's head swam and his heart stood still. Yet his lips found a lie.

"I overheard it," he said; "the soldiers are attacking Foy and Martin in the factory, and I heard them say that they were coming here for him."

Elsa moaned aloud, then she turned on him like a tiger, asking:

"If so, why did you not stay to help them?"

"Because," he answered with a touch of his old pomposity, "my first duty was towards my mother and you."

"He is out of the house," broke in Lysbeth in a low voice that was dreadful to hear. "He is out of the house, I know not where. Go, son, and search for him. Swift! Be swift!"

So Adrian went forth, not sorry to escape the presence of these tormented women. Here and there he wandered to one haunt of Dirk's after another, but without success, till at length a sound of tumult drew him, and he ran towards it. Presently he was round the corner, and this was what he saw.

Advancing down the wide street leading to the Gevangenhuys came a body of Spanish soldiers, and in the centre of them were two figures whom it was easy for Adrian to recognise—Red Martin and his brother Foy. Martin, although his bull-hide jerkin was cut and slashed and his helmet had gone, seemed to be little hurt, for he was still upright and proud, walking along with his arms lashed behind him, while a Spanish officer held the point of a sword, his own sword Silence, near his throat ready to drive it home should he attempt to escape. With Foy the case was different. At first Adrian thought that he was dead, for they were carrying him upon a ladder. Blood fell from his head and legs, while his doublet seemed literally to be rent to pieces with sword-cuts and dagger-thrusts; and in truth had it not been for the shirt of mail which he wore beneath, he must have been slain several times over. But Foy was not dead, for as Adrian watched he saw his head turn upon the ladder and his hand rise up and fall again.

But this was not all, for behind appeared a cart drawn by a grey horse, and in it were the bodies of Spanish soldiers—how many Adrian could not tell, but there they lay with their harness still on them. After these again, in a long and melancholy procession, marched other Spanish soldiers, some of them sorely wounded, and, like Foy, carried upon doors or ladders, and others limping along with the help of their comrades. No wonder that Martin walked proudly to his doom, since behind him came the rich harvest of the sword Silence. Also, there were other signs to see and hear, since about the cavalcade surged and roared a great mob of the citizens of Leyden.

"Bravo, Martin! Well fought, Foy van Goor!" they shouted, "We are proud of you! We are proud of you!" Then from the back of the crowd someone cried, "Rescue them!" "Kill the Inquisition dogs!" "Tear the Spaniards to pieces!"

A stone flew through the air, then another and another, but at word of command the soldiers faced about and the mob drew back,

for they had no leader. So it went on till they were within a hundred yards of the Gevangenhuys.

"Don't let them be murdered," cried the voice. "A rescue! a rescue!" and with a roar the crowd fell upon the soldiers. It was too late, for the Spaniards, trained to arms, closed up and fought their way through, taking their prisoners with them. But they cost them dear, for the wounded men, and those who supported them, were cut off. They were cut off, they were struck down. In a minute they were dead, everyone of them, and although they still held its fortresses and walls, from that hour the Spaniards lost their grip of Leyden, nor did they ever win it back again. From that hour to this Leyden has been free. Such were the first fruits of the fight of Foy and Martin against overwhelming odds.

The great doors of oak and iron of the Gevangenhuys clashed to behind the prisoners, the locks were shot, and the bars fell home, while outside raved the furious crowd.

The place was not large or very strong, merely a drawbridge over the narrow arm of moat, a gateway with a walled courtyard beyond, and over it a three-storied house built in the common Dutch fashion, but with narrow barred windows. To the right, as you entered under the shadow of the archway, which, space being limited, was used as an armoury, and hung with weapons, lay the court-room where prisoners were tried, and to the left a vaulted place with no window, not unlike a large cellar in appearance. This was the torture-chamber. Beyond was the courtyard, and at the back of it rose the prison. In this yard were waiting the new governor of the jail, Ramiro, and with him a little red-faced, pig-eyed man dressed in a rusty doublet. He was the inquisitor of the district, especially empowered as delegate of the Blood Council and under various edicts and laws to try and to butcher heretics.

The officer in command of the troops advanced to make his report.

"What is all that noise?" asked the inquisitor in a frightened, squeaky voice. "Is this city also in rebellion?"

"And where are the rest of you?" said Ramiro, scanning the thinned files.

"Sir," answered the officer saluting, "the rest of us are dead. Some were killed by this red rogue and his companion, and the mob have the others."

Then Ramiro began to curse and to swear, as well he might, for he knew that when this story reached headquarters, his credit with Alva and the Blood Council would be gone.

"Coward!" he yelled, shaking his fist in the face of the officer. "Coward, to lose a score or more of men in taking a brace of heretics."

"Don't blame me, sir," answered the man sullenly, for the word stirred his bile, "blame the mob and this red devil's steel, which went through us as though we were wet clay," and he handed him the sword Silence.

"It fits the man," muttered Montalvo, "for few else could wield it. Go hang it in the gateway, it may be wanted in evidence," but to himself he thought, "Bad luck again, the luck that follows me whenever I pit myself against Lysbeth van Hout." Then he gave an order, and the two prisoners were taken away up some narrow stairs.

At the top of the first flight was a solid door through which they passed to find themselves in a large and darksome place. Down the centre of this place ran a passage. On either side of the passage dimly lighted by high iron-barred windows, were cages built of massive oaken bars, and measuring each of them eight or ten feet square, very dens such as might have served for wild beasts, but filled with human beings charged with offences against the doctrines of the Church. Those who chance to have seen the prison of the Inquisition at The Hague as it still stands to-day, will know what they were like.

Into one of these dreadful holes they were thrust, Foy, wounded as he was, being thrown roughly upon a heap of dirty straw in the corner. Then, having bolted and locked the door of their den, the soldiers left them.

As soon as his eyes grew accustomed to the light, Martin stared about him. The conveniences of the dungeon were not many; indeed, being built above the level of the ground, it struck the imagination as even more terrible than any subterranean vault devoted to the same dreadful purpose. By good fortune, however, in one corner of it stood an earthenware basin and a large jug of water.

"I will take the risk of it's being poisoned," thought Martin to himself, as lifting the jug he drank deep of it, for what between fighting, fire and fury there seemed to be no moisture left in him. Then, his burning thirst satisfied at last, he went to where Foy lay unconscious and began to pour water, little by little, into his mouth, which, senseless as he was, he swallowed mechanically and presently groaned a little. Next, as well as he could, Martin examined his wounds, to find that what had made him insensible was a cut upon the right side of the head, which, had it not been for his steel-lined cap, must certainly have killed him, but as it was, beyond the shock and bruise, seemed in no way serious.

His second hurt was a deep wound in the left thigh, but being on the outside of the limb, although he bled much from it, it had severed no artery. Other injuries he had also upon the forearms and legs, also beneath the chain shirt his body was bruised with the blows of swords and daggers, but none of these were dangerous.

Martin stripped him as tenderly as he might and washed his wounds. Then he paused, for both of them were wearing garments of flannel which is unsuitable for the dressing of hurts.

"You need linen," said a woman's voice, speaking from the next den. "Wait awhile and I will give you my smock."

"How can I take your garment, lady, whoever you may be?" answered Martin, "to bind about the limbs of a man even if he is wounded."

"Take it and welcome," answered the unknown in sweet, low tones, "I want it no more; they are going to execute me to-night."

"Execute you to-night?" muttered Martin.

"Yes," replied the voice, "in the court-room or one of the cellars, I believe, as they dare not do it outside because of the people. By beheading—am I not fortunate? Only by beheading."

"Oh! God, where art Thou?" groaned Martin.

"Don't be sorry for me," answered the voice. "I am very glad. There were three of us, my father, my sister, and I, and—you can guess—well, I wish to join them. Also it is better to die than to go through what I have suffered again. But here is the garment. I

ear that it is stained about the neck, but it will serve if you put it into strips," and a trembling, delicate hand, which held it, was thrust between the oaken bars.

Even in that light, however, Martin saw that the wrist was swollen. He saw it, and because of that tender, meek face he registered an oath about priests and Spaniards, which, chanced, he lived to keep very thoroughly. Also, he paused, wondering if all this was of any good, wondering if it would best to let Foy die at once, or even to kill him.

"What are you thinking about, sir?" asked the lady from the other side of the bars.

"I am thinking," answered Martin, "that perhaps a master here would be better dead, and that I am a fool to be bleeding."

"No, no," said the sweet voice, "do your utmost and leave to God. It pleases God that I should die, which matters little to me, but a weak girl; it may please him that this young man should live to be of service to his country and his faith. I say, his wounds, good sir."

"Perhaps you are right," answered Martin. "What is the key to every lock, if only one can find it?" Then he worked upon Foy's wounds, binding them round with strips of his garment dipped in water, and when he had done this he could he clothed him again, even to the chain shirt.

"Are you not hurt yourself?" asked the voice presently.

"A little, nothing to speak of; a few cuts and bruises. This bull's hide turned their swords."

"Tell me whom you have been fighting," she said.

So, to while away the time while Foy still lay senseless, she told her the story of the attack upon the shot-tower, of how she had driven the Spaniards down the ladder, of how she had drenched them with molten lead, and of their last stand in the courtyard when they were forced from the burning building.

"Oh! what a fearful fight—two against so many," said the lady with a ring of admiration in it.

"Yes," answered Martin, "it was a good fight—the hottest ever I was in. For myself I don't much care, for they've got me for my carcass. I didn't tell you, did I, that the mob took them as they haled us here and pulled four wounded men and who carried them to bits? Oh! yes, they have paid a price, a good price for a Frisian boor and a Leyden burgher."

"God pardon their souls," murmured the unknown.

"That's as He likes," said Martin, "and no affair of mine. I had only to do with their bodies and—"

At this moment the unknown groaned, sat up and asked for something to drink.

Martin gave him water from the pitcher.

"Where am I?" he asked, and he told him.

"Martin, old fellow," said Foy in an uncertain voice, "we are in a very bad way, but as we have lived through this"—here his characteristic hopefulness asserted itself—"I believe, I believe that we shall live through the rest of it."

"Yes, young sir," echoed the thin, faint notes out of the darkness beyond the bars, "I believe, too, that you will live through the rest of it, and I am praying that it may be so."

"Who is that?" asked Foy drowsily.

"Another prisoner," answered Martin.

"A prisoner who will soon be free," murmured the voice through the blackness, for by now night had fallen, and no light came from the hole above.

Then Foy fell into sleep or stupor, and there was silence long while, until they heard the bolts and bars of the door creaking, and the glint of a lantern appeared floating in the gloom. Several men tramped down the narrow gangway, all of them, unlocking their cage, entered, filled the jug of water with leather jack, and threw down some loaves of black bread and some of stockfish, as food is thrown to dogs. Having examined them of them he grunted and went away, little knowing how near he had been to death, for the heart of Martin was mad. But he went on. Then the door of the next cell was opened, and a man came out. It is time."

"It is time and I am ready," answered the thin voice. "Good-bye, friends. God be with you."

"Good-bye, lady," answered Martin; "may you soon be free, God." Then he added, by an afterthought, "What is your name? I should like to remember it."

"Mary," she replied, and began to sing a hymn, and so, singing the hymn, she passed away to her death. They never saw her face, they never learned who she might be, this poor girl who was an item among the countless victims of perhaps the most tyrannical that the world has ever known—one of Alva's slaves, sixty thousand. But many years afterwards, when Foy was a man in a free land, he built a church and named it a kirk.

The long night wore away in silence, broken only by the prayers and prayers of prisoners in dens upon the same floor, or with solemn rhythm of hymns sung by those above, till at length light, creeping through the dungeon lattices, told them that morning. At its first ray Martin awoke much refreshed, for there his health and weariness had brought sleep to him. He awoke, stiff and sore, but in his right mind and very hungry. Martin found the loaves and the stockfish, and they filled his belly, washing down the meal with water, after which he dressed Foy's wounds, making a poultice for them out of the crumbly bread, and doctored his own bruises as best he could.

It must have been ten o'clock or later when again the doors were opened, and men appeared who commanded that they follow them.

"One of us can't walk," said Martin; "still, perhaps I can manage," and, lifting Foy in his arms as though he had been a baby, he passed with the jailors out of the den, down the stairs into the court-room. Here, seated behind a table, they found Ramiro and the little, squeaky-voiced, red-faced inquisitor.

"Heaven above us!" said the inquisitor, "what a great ruffian; it makes me feel nervous to be in the same place with him. I beg you, Governor Ramiro, instruct your soldiers to be wary and to stab him at the first movement."

"Have no fear, noble sir," answered Ramiro, "the villain is quite unarmed."

"I daresay, I daresay, but let us get on. Now what charge against these people? Ah! I see, heresy like the last time—the evidence of—oh! well, never mind. Well, we will take

as proved, and, of course, it is enough. But what more? Ah! here it is. Escaped from The Hague with the goods of a heretic, killed sundry of his Majesty's lieges, blew up others on the Haarlemer Meer, and yesterday, as we know for ourselves, committed a whole series of murders in resisting lawful arrest. Prisoners, do you anything to say?"

"Plenty," answered Foy.

"Then save your trouble and my time, since nothing can excuse your godless, rebellious, and damnable behaviour. Friend Governor, to your hands I deliver them, and may God have mercy on their souls. See, by the way, that you have a priest at hand to shrive me at last, if they will be shriven, just for the sake of charity, but the other details I leave to you. Torment? Oh! of course if I think there is anything to be gained by it, or that it will purify their souls. And now I will be going on to Haarlem, for I tell you frankly, friend Governor, that I don't think this town of Leyden for an honest officer of the law; there are too many bad characters here, schismatics and resisters of authority. What? The warrant not ready? Well, I will sign it in blank. You can fill it in."

"There. God forgive you, heretics; may your souls find peace, which is more, I fear, than your bodies will for the next few hours. Friend Governor, I wish you had not made me assist at the execution of that girl last night, especially as I understand she was no property worth having; her white face haunts my mind, I can't be rid of it. Oh! these heretics, to what sorrow do they put us orthodox people! Farewell, friend Governor; yes, I think I will go out by the back way, some of those turbulent citizens might be waiting in front. Farewell, and temper justice with mercy if you can," and he was gone.

Presently Ramiro, who had accompanied him to the gate, turned. Seating himself on the further side of the table, he drew a rapier and laid it before him. Then, having first commanded a man to bring a chair in which Foy might sit, since he could not stand because of his wounded leg, he told the guard to fall back out of hearing, but to be ready should he need them.

"Not much dignity about that fellow," he said, addressing Martin and Foy in a cheerful voice; "quite different from the kind of thing you expected, I daresay. No hooded Dominican priests, no clerks taking notes, no solemnities, nothing but a little red-faced wretch, perspiring with terror lest the mob outside should catch him, as for my part I hope they may. Well, gentlemen, what can you expect, seeing that, to my knowledge, the man is a bankrupt tailor of Antwerp? However, it is the substance we have to deal with, not the shadow, and that's real enough, for his signature on a death warrant is as good as that of the Pope, or his gracious Majesty King Philip, or, for the matter of that, of Alva himself. Therefore, you are—dead men."

"As you would have been had I not been fool enough to neglect Martin's advice out in the Haarlemer Meer and let you escape," answered Foy.

"Precisely, my young friend, but you see my guardian angel was too many for you, and you did neglect that excellent counsel. But, as it happens, it is just about the Haarlemer Meer that I want to have a word with you."

Foy and Martin looked at each other, for now they understood exactly why they were there, and Ramiro, watching them out of the corners of his eyes, went on in a low voice:

"Let us drop this and come to business. You hid it, and you know where it is, and I am in need of a competence for my old age. Now, I am not a cruel man; I wish to put no one to pain or death; moreover, I tell you frankly, I admire both of you very much. The escape with the treasure on board your boat *Swallow*, and the blowing up, were both exceedingly well managed, with but one mistake which you, young sir, have pointed out," and he bowed and smiled. "The fight that you made yesterday, too, was splendid, and I have entered the details of it in my own private diary, because they ought not to be forgotten."

Now it was Foy's turn to bow, while even on Martin's grim and impassive countenance flickered a faint smile.

"Naturally," said Ramiro, "I wish to save such men. I wish you to go hence quite free and unharmed," and he paused.

"How can we after we have been condemned to death?" asked Foy.

"Well, it does not seem difficult. My friend, the tailor—I mean the inquisitor—who, for all his soft words, is a cruel man indeed, was in a hurry to be gone, and—he signed a blank warrant, always an incautious thing to do. Well, a judge can acquit as well as condemn, and this one—is no exception. What is there to prevent me filling this paper in with an order for your release?"

"And what is there to show us that you would release us after all?" asked Foy.

"Upon the honour of a gentleman," answered Ramiro, laying his hand on his heart. "Tell me what I want to know, give me a week to make certain necessary arrangements, and so soon as I am back you shall both of you be freed."

"Doubtless," said Foy, angrily, "upon such honour as gentlemen learn in the galleys, Señor Ramiro—I beg your pardon, Count Juan Montalvo."

Ramiro's face grew crimson to the hair.

"Sir," he said, "were I a different sort of man for those words you should die in a fashion from which even the boldest might shrink. But you are young and inexperienced, so I will overlook them. Now this bargaining must come to a head. Which will you have, life and safety, or the chance—which under the circumstances has no chance at all—that one day, not you, of course, but somebody interested in it, may recover a hoard of money and jewels?"

Then Martin spoke for the first time, very slowly and respectfully.

"Worshipful sir," he said, "we cannot tell you where the money is because we do not know. To be frank with you, nobody ever knew except myself. I took the stuff and sank it in the water in a narrow channel between two islands, and I made a little drawing of them on a piece of paper."

"Exactly, my good friend, and where is that piece of paper?"

"Alas! Sir, when I was lighting the fuses on board the *Swallow*, I let it fall in my haste, and it is—in exactly the same place as are all your worship's worthy comrades who were on board that ship. I believe, however, that if you will put yourself under my guidance I could show your Excellency the spot, and this, as I do not want to be killed, I should be most happy to do."

"Good, simple man," said Ramiro with a little laugh, "how

charming is the prospect that you paint of a midnight row with you upon those lonely waters; the tarantula and the butterfly arm in arm! Mynheer van Goorl, what have you to say?"

"Only that the story told by Martin here is true. I do not know where the money is, as I was not present at its sinking, and the paper has been lost."

"Indeed? I am afraid, then, that it will be necessary for me to refresh your memory, but, first, I have one more argument, or rather two. Has it struck you that another life may hang upon your answer? As a rule men are loth to send their fathers to death."

Foy heard, and terrible as was the hint, yet it came to him as a relief, for he had feared lest he was about to say "your mother" or "Elsa Brant."

"That is my first argument, a good one, I think, but I have—another which may appeal even more forcibly to a young man and prospective heir. The day before yesterday you became engaged to Elsa Brant—don't look surprised; people in my position have long ears, and you needn't be frightened, the young lady will not be brought here; she is too valuable."

"Be so good as to speak plainly," said Foy.

"With pleasure. You see this girl is the heiress, is she not? and whether or no I find out the facts from you, sooner or later, in this way or that, she will doubtless discover where her heritage is hidden. Well, that fortune a husband would have the advantage of sharing. I myself labour at present under no matrimonial engagements, and am in a position to obtain an introduction—ah! my friend, are you beginning to see that there are more ways of killing a dog than by hanging him?"

Weak and wounded as he was, Foy's heart sank in him at the words of this man, this devil who had betrayed his mother with a mock marriage, and who was the father of Adrian. The idea of making the heiress his wife was one worthy of his evil ingenuity,

and why should he not put it into practice? Elsa, of course, would rebel, but Alva's officials in such days had means of overcoming any maidenly reluctance, or at least of forcing women to choose between death and degradation. Was it not common for them even to dissolve marriages in order to give heretic women to new husbands who desired their wealth? There was no justice left in the land; human beings were the chattels and slaves of their oppressors. Oh God! what was there to do, except to trust in God? Why should they be tortured, murdered, married against their wills, for the sake of a miserable pile of pelf? Why not tell the truth and let the fellow take the money? He had measured up his man, and believed that he could drive a bargain with him. Ramiro wanted money, not lives. He was no fanatic; horrors gave him no pleasure; he cared nothing about his victims' souls. As he had betrayed his mother Lysbeth for cash, so he would be willing to let them all go for cash. Why not make the exchange?

Then distinct, formidable, overwhelming, the answer rose up in Foy's mind. Because he had sworn to his father that nothing which could be imagined should induce him to reveal this secret and betray this trust. And not only to his father, to Hendrik Brant also, who already had given his own life to keep his treasure out of the hands of the Spaniards, believing that in some unforeseen way it would advantage his own land and countrymen. No, great as was the temptation, he must keep the letter of his bond and pay its dreadful price. So again Foy answered:

"It is useless to try to bribe me, for I do not know where the money is."

"Very well, Heer Foy van Goorl, now we have a plain issue before us, but I will still try to protect you against yourself—the warrant shall remain blank for a little while."

Then he called aloud, "Sergeant, ask the Professor Baptiste to be so good as to step this way."

(To be continued)

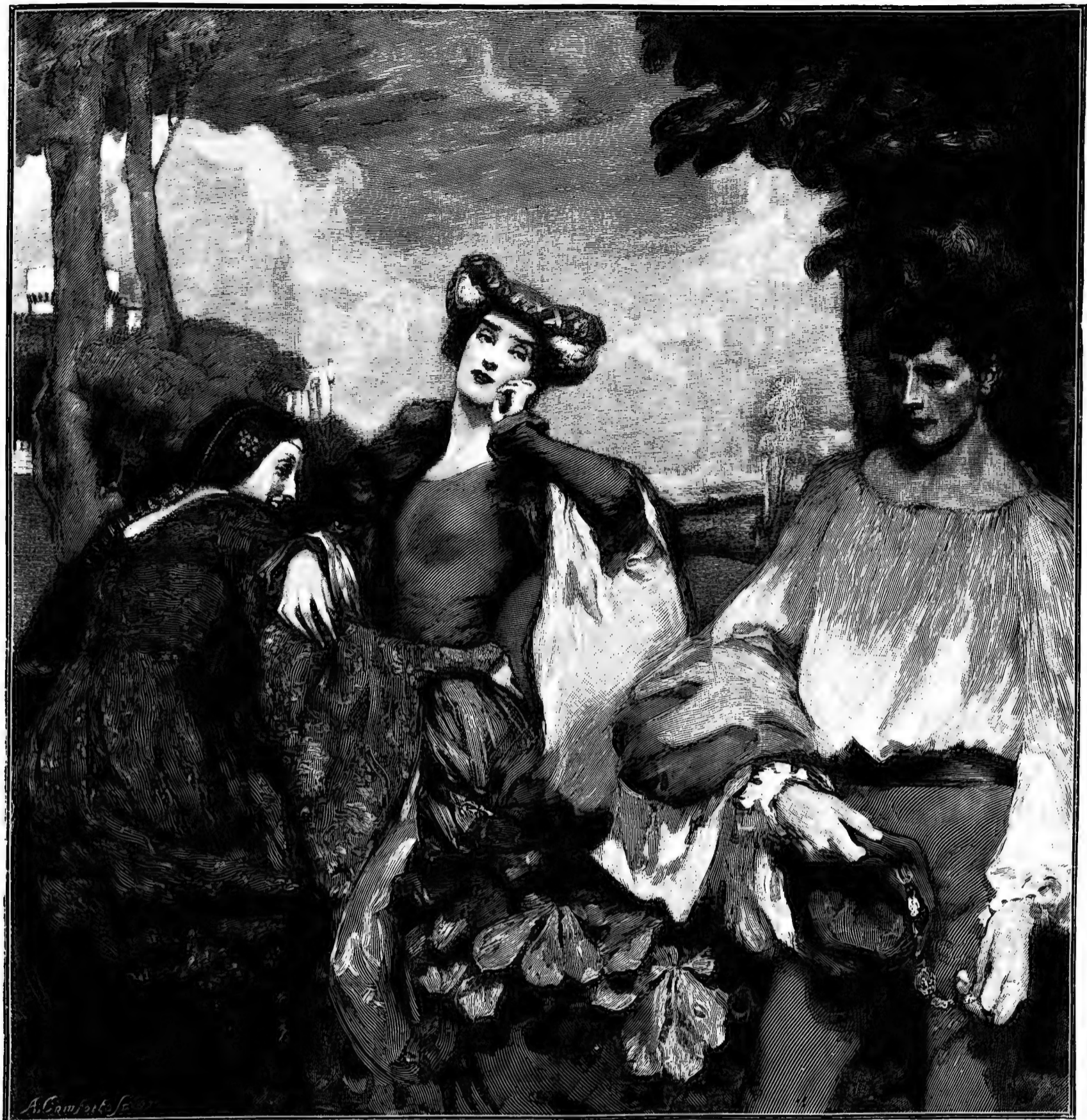


Straw-colour silk muslin with guipure ornaments *appliqué* on the muslin. The low bodice is of closely pleated muslin under a lace bolero embroidered with spangles. A band of guipure edges the bodice, which has braces of narrow velvet and a pleated velvet belt, a big spray of tea-roses being fastened towards the shoulder. The skirt is slightly gathered on the hips



PORTRAIT OF A LADY, FROM THE PAINTING BY DANIEL MYTENS, IN THE ANTWERP GALLERY

BY PERMISSION OF THE WOODBURY PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING COMPANY



ORLANDO: "Can I not say I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block."

ROSALIND: "He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;"  
CELIA: "Will you go, coz?" —As You Like It.

#### ROSALIND AND ORLANDO

FROM THE PAINTING BY HAROLD SPEED, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

### Paris Jottings

PARISIANS are beginning to despair about their weather. For a month past there has not been a single fine day. It looks as if the Clerk of the Weather had reserved all his favours for the Exhibition, and once the great Kermesse closed he was bankrupt in sunlight and clear skies.

This state of things is the more irritating because the city has just selected the present moment to effect street repairs on an enormous scale. One result of the Exhibition was to awaken Paris to its dearth of means of transport, and once the awakening came the remedy has been applied with an energy and a thoroughness worthy of a Chicago. Electric tramways, steam tramways, compressed air tramways, and underground railways have sprung up in every direction.

This has not made for the comfort of the citizens. For eight long months the Champ Elysées and the Rue de Rivoli were scenes of desolation, and now it is the turn of the exterior boulevards. From the Arc de Triomphe to Belleville and Vincennes the long

line of boulevards has become a yawning chasm. First the whole sewage system had to be transferred from the centre to the side of the boulevard. The result is that six miles of streets have been "up" for three months past, and as soon as this chasm is closed the operation will be repeated in the centre. The result is that for the next two years this state of discomfort will reign.

Under these circumstances a month's rain has transformed the city into a sea of mud, with depressing effects on the minds of the citizens. The result is a sort of monotony which is not usually the characteristic feature of Paris life. The arrival of ex-President Kruger created a momentary diversion, but the collapse of the Boer Mission under the cold douche of the Imperial telegram from Berlin, and the declarations of the Government in the House of Commons, has deprived the person of Mr. Kruger of its former interest.

Of course the Press devoted to Dr. Leyds is doing its best to galvanise life into the failing cause of the Boers, and is industriously working at a Kruger Saga which will, doubtless, puzzle future historians. In fact "Oom Paul," as we used to know him, no longer exists. The new and well-cut frock coat, the faultless top hat and the fur-lined overcoat are disconcerting. The Latin

quotations, and the references to the Knights of the Middle Ages in general, and Bayard, "*le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," in particular come as a surprise.

Now Mme. de Thèbes, the well-known Paris chiromancist, has given her view on Mr. Kruger's hands, from which we learn that the left shows us the primitive man, brutal, savage, and cunning, while the right shows us the ex-President's development into a wise, just, far-seeing statesman, able to hold his own with European diplomatists of the first rank.

Then another scribe undertakes to reveal to us "*Kruger intime*," and informs us that not only does he speak "*taal*" and Dutch, but speaks, reads and writes English perfectly, and converses fluently in German. But he has registered a vow from which he never departs, that as long as he is in Europe he will speak nothing but "*taal*." His grand-daughter Mme. Eloff, we are told, speaks no Dutch and communicates with him in German, but Mr. Kruger replies to her through the intermediary of an interpreter. This must give an added interest to the home life of the Kruger family. The one other example as far as I remember of this kind of thing is the Sultan of Turkey. *Les grands esprits se rencontrent*.



BURNING UNDERGROWTH AND ROLLING AWAY SAWN-UP LOGS



A CUTTING IN THE FOREST

## To Kumasi by Rail

By FRED SHELFORD

THE successful termination of the sixth war which the Ashantis have waged against us, together with the interest recently aroused in commercial circles connected with West Africa, and the approaching completion of many large engineering works in West Africa, render the accompanying illustrations of much interest. Indeed, they will probably come as a surprise to many people who still regard West Africa as one of the darkest spots of Darkest Africa. It is instructive to note the persistent policy of the development of these regions to which the Colonial Office has adhered in spite of the most hostile criticism. It required bold men to take upon their shoulders the responsibility for the expenditure of large sums of money on works which were more or less experimental, but the prospects of this region bid fair to fulfil the hopes of the most enthusiastic.

The portion of the West Coast of Africa at present attracting most attention is the Gold Coast. We cannot in the space at our command even briefly repeat the history of this fascinating land, but we may remind our readers that the Ashantis have been among the most turbulent of our subject races, and have brought punitive expeditions to their country in 1807, 1824, 1863, 1873, 1896, and 1900. But this trouble and expense is not likely to be lost to us, for within the last few years the potentialities of the country have attracted attention by the discovery of the fact that the Gold Coast is highly auriferous and worthy of its name. The latest trouble with the Ashantis must, however, be the last, and the most effective means to this end is the construction of a railway from the coast to Kumasi. This desirable work is now in hand under the direction of Messrs. Shelford and Son, the well-known engineers.

The short line already authorised from Sekondi to Tarkwa is to be extended to Kumasi, making a total of 180 miles of line. Unfortunately, the peculiar difficulties attending all work in West Africa have beset and hampered the Engineers from the first, amongst which may be mentioned the unfavourable climate, the dense forest, the hilly and irregular country, the abnormally wet seasons, the still disturbed state of the country, and the slow communication between this country and the coast, but the greatest difficulties of all are the scarcity of labour and food. The operations for the extension have been undertaken

upon an almost stupendous scale; for a survey party left this country last month, consisting of twenty-seven engineers, and requiring no less than 1,700 natives to carry their loads and assist in the survey operations. The employment of such numbers merely for the survey of the line gives one an idea of the number required



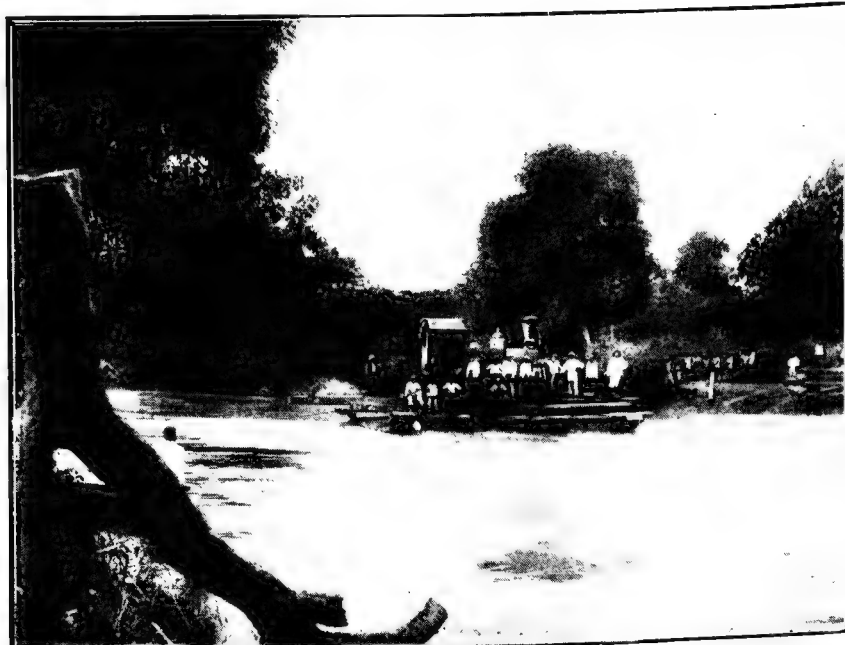
THE KING OF ABEOKUTA

to carry out the very heavy clearing, the heavy earthwork and the large bridges which will be required before the works are completed. There are, in fact, some 15,000 men now employed on the various railways. The starting point of the railway is at Sekondi. Here there is a temporary jetty in course of construction, and here too are the engineers' quarters. This place is rapidly

developing. Some idea of the enormous size of some of the trees which have to be cut down and removed may be gathered from the illustration below. The man beneath the tree should be observed. In another place the natives are shown engaged in rolling aside the sawn-up portions of trees and burning off the smaller rubbish, while next to this is a view of a cutting of some size, but unfortunately by no means the largest likely to be met with. Works of great magnitude are avoided in every possible case, at the expense sometimes of a curved and hilly line, but they are occasionally unavoidable. All the earthwork is done by means of baskets, instead of tip-wagons, as usual in this country. The pet dwarf of the King of Krobo is an important man in the Gold Coast Colony, while the specimen of a West African stockade shows the nature of the obstacles which our troops have so pluckily faced again and again in Ashanti. The Carter Bridge at Lagos connects the town of Lagos with the mainland. This bridge is difficult to photograph owing to its great length. It is 2,000 feet long and stands in 30 feet of water, and the mud at the bottom is so soft that some of the piers are over 100 feet in length. There is a swing span near the end towards the observer, and the flags can be seen flying in honour of the expected passage of the Governor's launch.

The Lagos railway passes the famous city of Abeokuta, of 150,000 people, which is sixty miles from the coast. We are enabled to publish a portrait of the King of Abeokuta. An engine in the unusual position of being in the middle of a river shows the method resorted to in order to maintain communication in time of flood before the permanent bridge is built. The Maroon Viaduct is on the Sierra Leone or pioneer railway. There are no less than eleven such viaducts in the first eighteen miles, while the view of the Orogau Falls gives an idea of the difficulties of the Sierra Leone country, and at the same time shows that West Africa can produce waterfalls which outshine the Falls of Lore. The pictures will, we think, show that West Africa is rapidly taking a foremost place among our possessions in civilisation and enlightened progress.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY makes a splendid show of berries this year. Such a crop is supposed to forecast a bitter winter, but whether or no the tradition be well founded the fact remains that many of the trees show scarcely any leaves, the sprigs being one mass of scarlet berries. The holly is particularly brilliant just now in some parts of Sussex, although the main harvest for the London market comes from Surrey, Berks and Hampshire.

ONE OF THE FOREST GIANTS THAT HAVE TO BE CLEARED AWAY  
(Note the size of the man standing beneath)TAKING AN ENGINE OVER A RIVER  
In order to keep communications open before a bridge is built the engine is thus ferried over



ON THE GOLD COAST: THE CARTER BRIDGE, 2,000 FEET LONG, CONNECTING LAGOS WITH THE MAINLAND

## Through the Nineteenth Century: The Old Inn and the Modern Hotel

By PERCY FITZGERALD

THE evolution of the great, or "Grand," Hotel of our own day has been steadily carried through the century now closing in a slow but curious fashion. Hotel life in the earlier times was altogether bound up with coaching life or posting. Every house of the kind was an inn, had its archway and large yard behind, out of which drove the departing coach; occasionally, as Jingle related, to the damage of the passenger who did not stoop low enough. The inn would seem to have been intended to supply accommodation for the travellers who made use of the inn's post-horses and of the inn's coaches. In many of these houses in older country towns we are amazed at the amount of stabling and coach-houses, as at Ferrybridge—a very notable "change-house" in the North—where, as I have been told, often forty and fifty carriages—and four it might be—would put up for the night, and with room to spare. This halting by the way furnished a sort of stirring life, with dramatic incidents, and must have had an influence on the national character, and, indeed, we find that it is a favourite topic with the old novelists who have laid their scenes at inns, which have furnished all sorts of adventures. "Boz" himself has fitted out his immortal Pickwick with over twenty inns, and has shown us a deal of inn-life. In his account of the Great White Horse there is a curious trait, mentioned almost as a matter of course, but which is most significant. When Mr. Pickwick was seeking his room after his adventure with the lady in the yellow curl-papers, he hesitated, we are told, to "try" the various doors in the long passages, for, "if he made the slightest attempt to do so, he stood every chance of being shot at, and perhaps killed, by some watchful traveller." This, of course, means that there were lawless persons on the road as well as honest folk, and that these latter were entitled to protect themselves and their property with firearms against an attack.

To this family of inns belonged the picturesque "galleried inns," as they were called, which have now wholly disappeared in London. Every one will recall in "Boz's" joyous story the old White Hart, now gone with the rest: yet thirty years ago they were one and all standing, half a dozen at least in Southwark, including the Tabard, the Old Bell in Holborn, and various others—and most picturesque of all the old Warwick Arms near Paternoster Row. Great, rambling, queer old places they were, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish material for half a dozen ghost stories. A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells hung over the door, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof. Waggon, haycarts, and post-carriages were all drawn up in the yard. It will be seen how much this gallery system suggested forms of dramatic life and adventure; and the stirring melodrama—"Robert Macaire"—brought out in the very year of "Pickwick," turns chiefly on the facilities for midnight murder furnished by this

arrangement. For the rooms were in rows along the galleries, and the marauder could easily mount from his room one below to the one above.

A country gentleman on arriving in town would put up at one of these inns, as Mr. Pickwick always did at the George and Vulture in the City. Nay more, when not going out of town, he seems to have permanently resided there. His friend Wardle, who brought his daughters, went to a different class of house—viz., to what was the "Family Hotel"—small and comfortable, and "personally conducted" by the host and hostess. "Managers" had not then come in.

About the middle of the century there were a few, but very few, first-class hotels in the West End for the behoof of the nobility and gentry. These were, perhaps, somewhat after the pattern of the present "Private Hotels"—found in retired streets—and set up by butlers, retired also. Such places had also "the coffee-room," which was open to the general public, and laid out with fine mirrors and partitioned into "boxes," as they were called. It was in one of these that poor Nicholas Nickleby, sipping his pint of wine, overheard the insulting talk of Sir Mulberry Hawk and his friends. These gentlemen of high fashion did not repair to a club, but came hither to dine, sitting till close on midnight. We can hardly realise this state of things now.

Few hotels were so well known in their day as the old "Hen and Chickens" at Birmingham—that quaintly named hostel. Travellers going North generally put up there. It has lately been swept away. Yet a few years ago, when I was staying there, it was astonishing to find what a "poorish" contracted sort of place it was, with small rooms, low ceilings, and stinted accommodation. It was, however, a typical inn of its period. Still this old pattern of inn was undeniably snug, "perniciously snug," as Mr. Folair said of Nickleby's room at Portsmouth. The fare was good, the waiter was usually a sort of character, with stories and general talk, though he had often a "fortnight's napkin with coeval stockings."

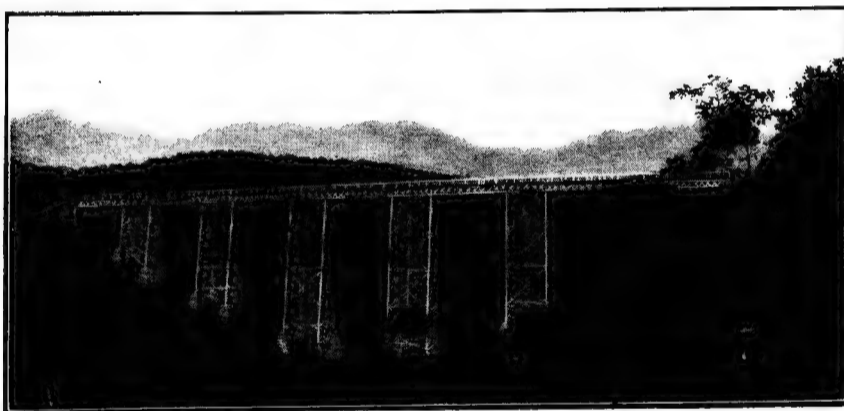
One may be sorry, too, that the old hotel customs are passing away. We cannot conceive now of Boots attending ceremoniously with a huge "jack," some three feet high, preparatory to a serious struggle with a boot. These days of Wellingtons and Hessians are



ON THE GOLD COAST: THE FALLS OF OROGAW

women, and general tact. The manager directs and has a policy on which the success of the house may depend. He will have a handsome income, according to his talent. The old innkeeper of the Joe Willett pattern would stare at these novelties.

The changes in these hotel fashions all, as I have said, betoken "the form and pressure of the time." One principle held sacred, as



ON THE GOLD COAST: THE MAROON VIADUCT ON THE SIERRA LEONE RAILWAY



ON THE GOLD COAST: THE KING OF KROBO'S PET DWARF

associated with those of old inns (I, who write these lines, have worn and struggled with Wellingtons.) Neither in the newer hotels would a ringing the bell, "Waiter, bring slippers!" be attended to. It was customary also to name the different chambers: "The Yellow Room," "The Lamb"—or as is done at Ipswich and Rochester—have a regular "Mr. Pickwick's Room," which the enthusiast desires specially to occupy.

The food, drink and living at the old inns were, however, of a rather elementary kind. "Boz" is very fond of vituperating the bad cookery, underdone chops, &c., of such places. His account of one of the provincial inns is typical. Everything there was bad—furnitures fire, food—and he winds up with a cutting description of the drink supplied. "Having ordered a bottle of the worst possible port, at the highest possible price, for the good of the house, they drank brandy and water for their own." "Boz" had a favourite test when he came to some doubtful-looking inn. He went into the coffee-room and narrowly scrutinised—the cruets! According to their state—were they clogged, coagulated or dried up—he went or stayed. This he has mentioned in some of his stories, but I have heard him relate it as an actual experience. "The coffee-room," in its strict sense, is not known now. There is the large dining-saloon.

By and by, after the various foreign exhibitions, people went much abroad and grew accustomed to the old Louvre Hotel and to the Grand Hotel and other houses at Paris. They liked and learned the ways of life in such places—the *table d'hôte* in the vast palatial hall, all gilt and carved, the *ascenseurs*, electric bells, and such luxuries. But, strange to relate, no spirit of imitation was stirred in these countries. We went on, or jogged on, in the dear old uncomfortable ways. One of the most important harbingers of the great change was the opening by the Great Western of its great Railway Hotel at Paddington. This was but following the analogue of the posting inns, both accommodating their own special passengers. But it was not until the advent of Northumberland Avenue that the ball was set rolling. Then came the reign of the monster hotel, growing larger every year. Hotelling has now become a perfect science, an art or mystery to which postulants are trained. The managing of a great hotel is a profession, entailing great knowledge of markets, prices, habits of command, knowledge of men and

it were, both abroad and here, was that all the guests should sit down side by side at the one dinner and at a fixed rate. This one concentrated effort, it is assumed, would insure a better meal. Of late years, however, the public, which has relished reserved carriages and reserved rooms, seats, &c., has taken a fancy to dining in this reserved way. The long tables have been abolished, and a number of little round ones substituted, where you and your party can dine apart, and at any time.

There is an extraordinary contrast between the primitive simplicity and rude arrangements of the old time and the new. An important personage in the former was always spoken of as "the waiter"—for there was generally but the one—who was "assisted" in various ways. Now in the great caravanserais we have the waiters in rank-and-file, battalions in fact. The neat-handed German waiter, young, smart, and efficient, has taken possession of the land. Then, "Private room, sir?" was the invariable question to the traveller, and, where there was a lady, a private room had to be taken. Now a great modern improvement, which also came from abroad, is the common drawing-room, found in all hotels, and of infinite convenience. There is also the common writing room. Smoking-rooms were not officially known in the early years of the century, though, odd to say, the term is actually used in "Pickwick." But then people smoked in the bar, or in the "bagman's room." Some of the new smoking-rooms are almost palatial in their scale.

An invention, which might seem trifling, has had an extraordinary influence on the character of the modern hotel. This is the "lift," or *ascenseur*, as it is called in France. It abolished time and space, and almost created the monster hotel itself, which, Babel-like, stretches its lofty head to the heavens. In vain had been the mansion of five or six hundred rooms if the topmost ones had to be reached by flights of stairs. Hotels of innumerable stories would have been impossible—they would have been driven to spread their bulk over the ground in bewildering, meandering passages. Then for the omnibuses. These inventions are not seventy years old. They are part of the luxury of modern hotelling. It is said, however, that though the hotel bus attends the railway station in provincial towns, such is not the custom here in town. Such are our hotels, old and modern, with the incidents of their growth.



ON THE GOLD COAST: A STOCKADE IN ASHANTI



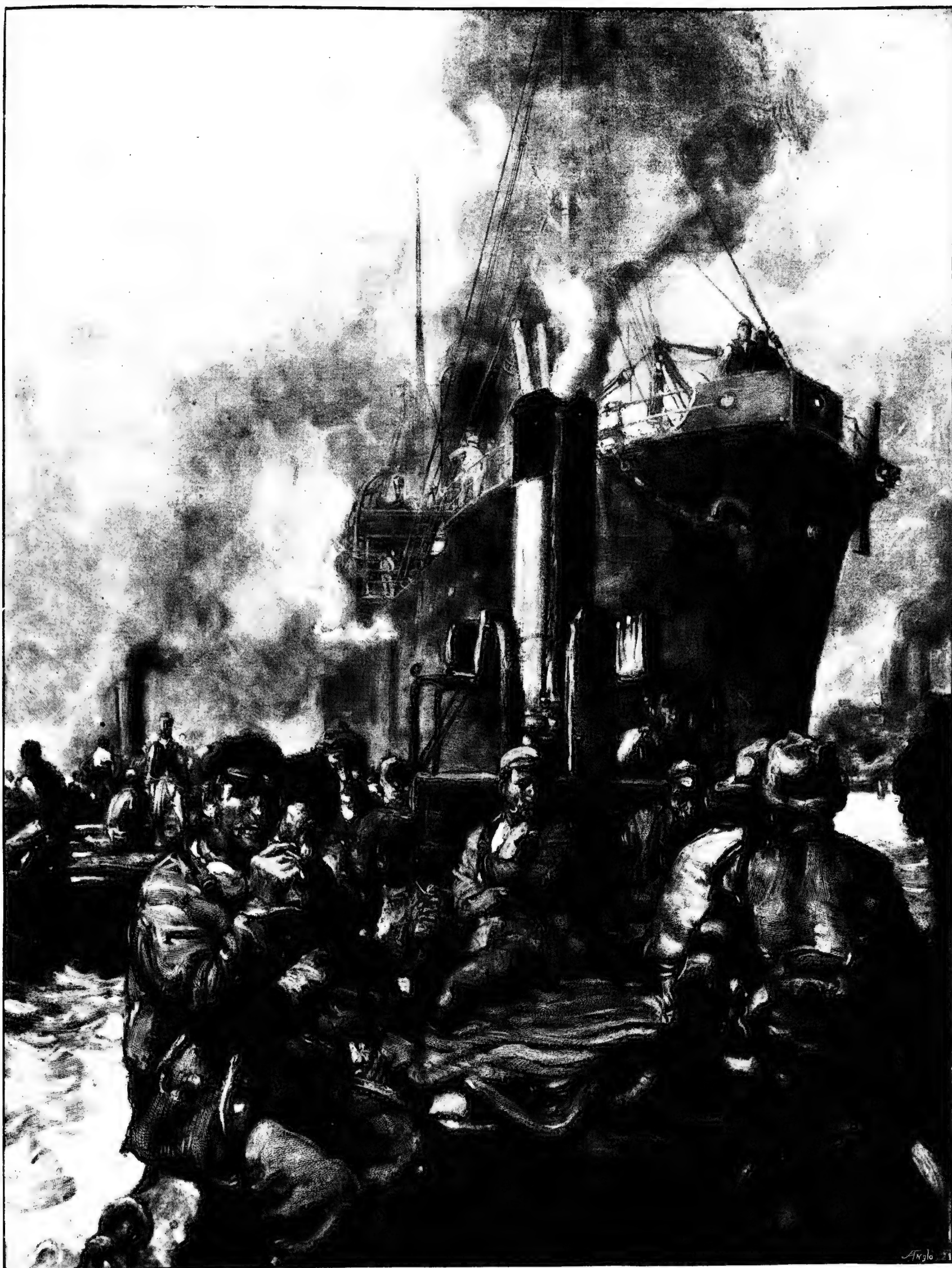
DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY DR. KOETTLITZ

Describing a visit to Mount Zouquala, the holy mountain of the Abyssinians, Dr. Koettlitz writes:—"On the steeply sloping, rocky bank which composes the wall of the crater, and which surrounds the lake, hidden among the dense, sweet-smelling jungle of jasmine, rose and other bushes and trees which cover much of the surface, are certain spots among the projecting naked rocks, exposed in many places, to which virtues are also attached, for here the enormous bosses of rock are split and fissured by some ancient convulsion of nature, and thus cavernous holes and narrow crevices have been formed, through the latter of

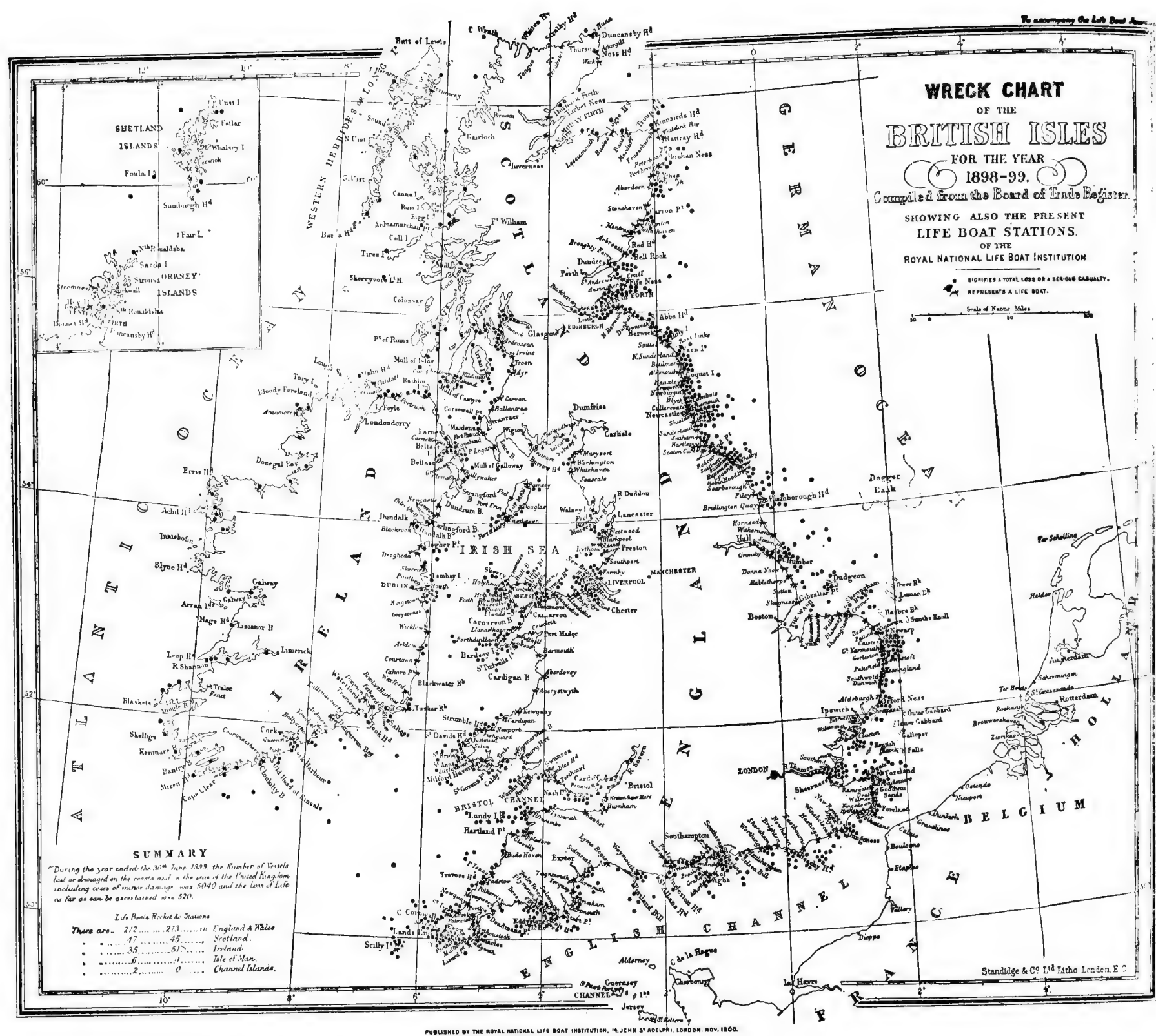
which it is a pious act for anyone, especially the sick, to squeeze themselves. They are so narrow that this is only done with some difficulty, yet such are the numbers of those that perform this act of piety, that the sides of these crevices are smoothed and polished to a remarkable extent, and as the frizzly heads of Abyssinians of both sexes are generally freely lubricated with butter, which is melted on their heads by the sun's heat, and drops upon the upper portions of their apparel, the sides also bear ample evidence, in the form of greasy stains, of this prosperity of the devotees

#### AT AN ABYSSINIAN LOURDES: AN ACT OF PIOUS DEVOTION



IN THE PORT OF LONDON: RETURNING TO SHORE AFTER COALING A LINER

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FRANK BRANGWYN



### A Year's Wrecks

THE accompanying chart of the United Kingdom has been compiled by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution from statistics issued by the Board of Trade. In this chart a black dot indicates the spot where a wreck has occurred, while the precise position of each of the Institution's lifeboats is also marked, so that it may be seen at a glance that the boats have been judiciously and usefully placed.

The total number of shipping casualties which occurred on or near the coasts of the United Kingdom in the year which ended on June 30, 1899, was 5,040, this total being unfortunately an increase of 76 as compared with the preceding twelve months. The total number of lives lost as a result of these casualties was 520, as against 295 in the year 1897-98. Nearly half of this alarming increase, however, is due to the wreck of the *Mohegan*, on October 14, 1898, when 106 persons were drowned. The cases of total loss and serious casualties decreased from 1,367, the total for the year 1897-98, to 1,276, being a reduction of 91, but the minor casualties during the same period show an increase of 167, the total number being 3,764. Life was lost in 131 instances, an increase of 34 as compared with the previous year. Nearly forty per cent. of the total number were cases of collision, the exact figures being 1,715, or 7 more than shown in the previous returns. Of the 5,040 casualties 4,434 befell British and Colonial vessels and 606 foreign vessels, an increase in the latter case of 97, so that the total of the British and Colonial casualties was actually 21 less than in the year 1897-98.

Of the 520 lives lost in the year under consideration, only 65 were passengers, 455 being either officers or members of the crews of the vessels. This total would have been more than doubled but for the noble work performed by the Institution, whose lifeboats succeeded in saving 609 lives from shipwreck in addition to landing 67 other persons from perilous positions. A further

number of 223 persons were rescued by the Coastguard and Rocket Brigades.

The number of lives saved either by the lifeboats of the Society since its foundation, or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, now amounts to 42,288. The committee issues an urgent appeal for funds to enable them to maintain their 287 lifeboats and the crews in a proper state of efficiency. During the past year the maintenance of the lifeboat service has been rendered unusually difficult, owing to the numerous appeals which have been made in connection with the war in South Africa, but the committee remind us that whether there be peace or war there is always the same need of help for the storm-tossed mariner.

Contributions to the Lifeboat Fund will be thankfully received by all the bankers in the United Kingdom, and by the Secretary, Mr. Charles Dibdin, at the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London.

THE LOWER THAMES.—North Kent and South Essex do not enjoy that prosperity which the Thames should bring them. The inquiry now going on as to the troubles at the Docks sheds sidelights of much interest on the Thames outside town limits. What is required, apparently, is a clean sweep of existing authorities and the establishment of a new authority uniting all interests. This new authority should rule from London Bridge to the Nore. The interests of the Upper River are perfectly separate and distinct. The new authority's first care should be to deepen the river. This costs money, but will pay its way, and unless it is attempted the present pre-eminence of London as a port will pass away. The fates of Rye and Winchelsea, of Sandwich and Fordwich, of Tregoney, and, to a great extent, of Penryn and Truro also should not be ignored, for the processes of nature are not to be delayed by any considerations of the dignity of the place affected. The second matter to see to is a regular steam large service on the Lower Thames, which should make Tilbury and Gravesend feeders of London to an extent not yet realised. Cheap railway freights from the North Kent and South Essex ports may be prayed for, but we fear that the railway interest in Parliament is far too strong to be coerced.

### Books of Reference

"DEBRET'S PEERAGE" (Dean and Son) has reached its year of publication, and now consists of upwards of 2,000. Its growth in bulk has been considerable, for in 1864 the volume contained only 400 pages. "Debrett" is too well known to need description, and it is only necessary to say that it is, as usual, well up to date, events occurring as late as December 5 being recorded. During the past year the aggregate of honours conferred amounted to over 280. Five new peerages were created, a peer was granted an hereditary title, and two received dignities with special remainders, while nine gentlemen were baronets, thirteen Privy Counsellors, ninety-six knights, 200 Companions or Members of Orders. This list is the largest number of honours conferred in any year with the exception of 1897. Thirty peers, forty-eight baronets, and sixty-eight knights have died during the year, and three peerages and six baronies have become extinct. These are not the only changes that have to be recorded, for "Debrett" gives the relatives of peers and baronets, and the births, deaths and marriages of the entail enormous labour. Long experience has taught that "Debrett" is always to be trusted for accuracy. "The Annual" (Hazell, Watson and Viney), which is now in its sixteenth successive year, has earned a place as an indispensable book of reference. Its alphabetical arrangement and encyclopedic character combine to make it the most useful books of its kind. No topic attracting attention is neglected, and new articles are added year by year. Thus among the additions in the issue for 1901 are found articles on the Army, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Boer War, China, the C.I.V., the new House of Commons, and other topics, besides a number of new biographies, the case of Colonies and foreign countries, a history of leading events of the past year is given. "The Stock Journal Almanac for 1901" (Vinton and Company) contains fifty special articles and numerous illustrations. The articles are contributed by well-known authorities, and the Almanac will be found worthy of its popular predecessors.



FROM "CHAPEL STREET CHILDREN"  
By Edith Farniloe. (Grant Richards)

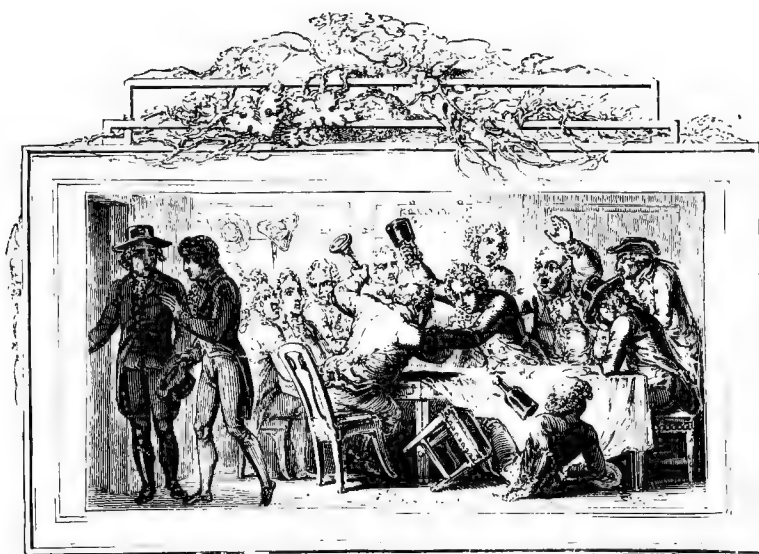
## More Christmas Books

THERE are no better books for young folks than those which help to instill into their minds a love and appreciation of the masterpieces of the old writers. Such a volume is the "Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights" (Wells, Gardner). It is a collection of stories from Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," simply, yet tastefully, re-written by Mary Macleod. Surely no child could wish for anything better than these glorious old tales of love and chivalry. The volume is daintily illustrated by A. G. Walker, and contains an introduction by John W. Hales, in which he speaks of an interesting discovery regarding the identity of the author of the great Arthurian romance.

Another volume that might be classed with that of which we have just spoken is "The Story of Burnt Njal" (Richards), which is a reprint, in a less copious form, of Sir George Dasent's translation of the "Njals Saga" published in 1861. The present reprint (says the editor) has been prepared in order that this incomparable Saga may become accessible to those readers with whom a good story is the first consideration. Some of the best fighting in literature is to be found between its covers. Sir George Dasent's version, in its capacity as a learned work for the study, has had nearly forty years of life; it is now offered afresh simply as a brave story for men who have been boys and for boys who are going to be men.

"The Lady of Robertval: An Episode of the Peasants' War, 1856" (Sands), by Jean Delaire, is a simple little story of a village maiden, who, in those dark days when the peasantry of France belonged body and soul to the feudal lords, sacrifices herself to save her kinsfolk.

"The White Stone" (Wells, Gardner), from which the story by Mr. Herbert MacIlwaine takes its title, is, in reality, a nugget of gold. Rowley Darrell, the hero, is the son of an English gentleman-squatter in Australia, and is sent to England to be educated. One day, in a fit of passion, he throws the stone at one of his schoolfellows. This young rascal, who, even in his schooldays, seems to have a keen idea of the methods of certain company promoters, immediately recognises the value of the missile, and, adding it from its owner, takes it to his father. This worthy gentleman sends out to Australia and by exceedingly sharp practice gets possession of the land on which the stone was found. A company is started, but the gold soon after gives out and the mine is abandoned. Soon after Darrell's father makes a further discovery, and the hero arrives at his old home, just time to outwit his enemy, and takes



FRONTISPIECE TO "THE CLUB; OR, A GREY CAP FOR A GREEN HEAD"

By James Puckle, N.P. Illustrated by John Thurston. (The Chiswick Press)

possession of the claim. The story is well told, especially that part which tells of life in the bush, and contains many exciting incidents.

### "THE CLUB"

This little volume is a reprint of a book which first appeared in 1711. Its full title is "The Club; or, A Grey Cap for a Green Head, containing Maxims, Advice, and Cautions. Being a Dialogue between a Father and Son. By James Puckle, N.P. With embellishments cut in wood from designs by John Thurston, and an Introduction by Austin Dobson" (The Chiswick Press, and Freemantle and Co., Piccadilly). From Mr. Austin Dobson's introduction we learn that Mr. Puckle was the inventor of a primitive quick-firing



FROM "CHAPEL STREET CHILDREN"  
By Edith Farniloe. (Grant Richards)

gun, and a public notary. His book is a hotch-potch of maxims and aphorisms, some of which are wise, some quaint, some shrewd, and some (inevitably) commonplace, but the author is so well-meaning, and his little volume affords such an interesting glimpse of the thought of the period, that one is very glad to meet with this charming little reprint. The son throughout the book describes to his father the different personages he has met the night before at the Noah's Ark Tavern. "The old gentleman," says Mr. Dobson, "comments sententiously upon each character as described, showing preternatural gifts as a discursive reader, and what Sydney Smith would have called a forty-parson power of improving the occasion. Not only does he quote freely, but he also borrows freely without acknowledgment." The result is not always amusing and is often platitudinous, but the book has an interest altogether apart from the value of the sentiments expressed in it.

### "THE PASSING SHOW"

Among American black-and-white artists Mr. A. B. Wenzel takes his place with Mr. Dana Gibson as being of the most skilful delineators of Transatlantic society. In "The Passing Show," published in England by John Lane, we are given a very interesting series of drawings mostly telling little stories, and, indeed, telling them so well that the faintly humorous descriptions are in nearly every case superfluous. Mr. Wenzel does not rely so much on the bold "smashing" outline as Mr. Gibson; he is often more pleasing and more delicate, and the drawings, which cover a wide range of subjects, exhibit all his qualities to advantage, and, at the same time, reveal his defects. He cannot resist the temptation to indulge in an occasional allegorical design, in which some stalwart Yankee maiden, equipped with wings, does duty as an inhabitant of another sphere, and he is sometimes blotchy impressionistic, and often monotonous, but if you want to understand his command over his materials and his versatility you have only to turn from such a picture as "Dawn to Magersfontein" to the one which we reproduce. One way and another, the American girl may well be grateful to Mr. Wenzel as to Mr. Gibson, for no others have ever portrayed her to such advantage; but apart from this inartistic view of the matter "The Passing Show" gives one a very high opinion not only of Mr. Wenzel's powers as a draughtsman but of his sense of values and of colour.

### "CHAPEL STREET CHILDREN"

"Chapel Street Children," by Edith Farniloe (Grant Richards), from which we publish two of the quaint and delightful illustrations, is a book which will delight readers of any age, from eight upwards. It consists of a collection of short stories and sketches written and illustrated by Mrs. Farniloe, who is now second to none in her clever delineations of Cockney gutter imps.



DREAMING OF THE COMING BALL

From "The Passing Show." Drawings by A. Wenzel

Miss Florence Anna Fulcher's "Among the Birds" (S.P.C.K.) is an invaluable book for country children. The writer is an authority on British wild birds, and has written much on the subject. Many articles in this volume have appeared before in various journals, and are both interesting and instructive, and should awaken an interest in bird life in our children's minds.

FRANKS AND FETTERES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Anyone used to children knows that a nursery audience cares much more for a funny picture-book than for the most dainty artistic volume. So the little ones will eagerly turn over the merry pages of "Doll Doings" (Blackie), and revel in the comic tricks of the animals drawn by Harry B. Nelson, and described by the Cockliolly Fir.—That curious bird, by the way, reappears in "A Noah's Ark Geography" (Macmillan) to accompany a happy little boy and a black doll on a tour round the world. Lucky would be the child who could learn his geography in the same practical fashion as the hero of this entertaining book, careering from the North Pole to India, and meeting all sorts of queer animals and human beings, very smartly depicted with pen and pencil by Miss Mabel Dearmer.

It takes an ingenious brain to get any fun out of such apparently uninteresting creations as sea-urchins, but Marie Overton Corbin and Charles Buxton Going have accomplished the feat. Their "Urchins of the Sea" (Longmans, Green) is decidedly clever and amusing, the drawings having a little advantage over the verses.—"Kismiroles and Nursery Rhymes" (Bousfield) follows more the beaten track. Still Mr. Alfred H. Mills has brought together plenty of bright poems and pleasing black-and-white sketches to interest tiny folk.—Since Mr. Walter Crane first illustrated well-known fairy stories in his characteristic style, another generation has come on the scene, so that the re-issue of his "Beauty and the Beast Picture Book" (Lane) will be fresh to the juveniles of the present day and correspondingly appreciated.—The last volume in this group is just one of those likely to please both old and young. The refined humour of "The April Baby's Book of Tunes" (Macmillan), by the authoress of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," will delight all who remember the writer's former charming works, while it is not above childish intellect. Success in music as well as in letters follows the authoress's present effort, and the only fault to be found with her sweet settings of nursery rhymes is that they are rather too high-class music and savour more of the hymn than the baby ditty.

"Little Miss Muffet," for instance, is quite a plaintive ballad in the minor key.

HEROIC DEEDS

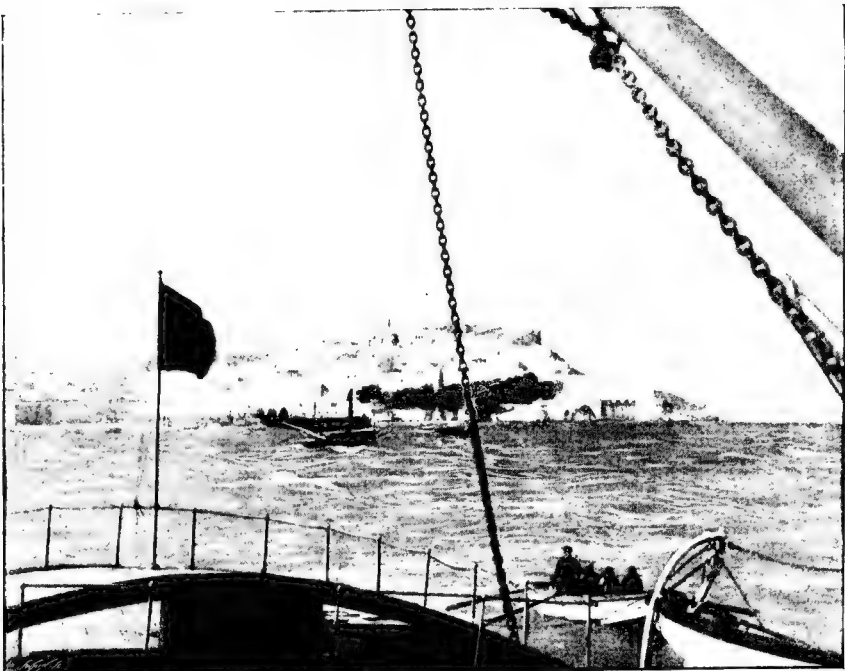
Hero-worship being the order of the day, it is no wonder that tales of adventure for boys are even more sensational than usual this year. Just now the place of honour naturally falls to any story of the African campaign, so that "Two Boys in War Time" (Pearson) takes the lead. Of course, Mr. John Finnemore carries his heroes to Ladysmith, which is the inevitable centre of such war chronicles, and he tells a rousing tale in nice, brisk fashion. In "Adventurers All" (Nelson), K. M. Eady has also chosen a theme of the times, although one less known to the English public—the Philippine insurrection, under Aguinaldo, against Spain. It is a capital story and fresh in subject. Next we travel to West Africa for an episode of native greed and treachery, forcibly told by Edward Shelley in "Up the Creeks" (Nelson). But for sensation and incident the palm must be given to "Barcali, the Mutineer" (Everett), by C. Dudley Lampson, who introduces his readers to a most blood-thirsty mutineer and to a curious collection of ancient Romans.—If more excitement is wanted, lads may peer into the goodly storehouse of short stories, "Venture and Valour" (Chambers) or "Fifty-two Stirring Stories for Boys" (Hutchinson), edited by Alfred H. Miles. Most of the boys' favourite writers—Messrs. Henty, Manville Penn, Gordon Stables, Conan Doyle, &c.—and several new pens have contributed to the feast with their usual success. Having had their nerves strung up by such sensational literature, boys may be refreshed by the common-sense of a pleasing story of school life, "Heads or Tails" (Nelson), by Harold Avery.

Scenes in Tangier

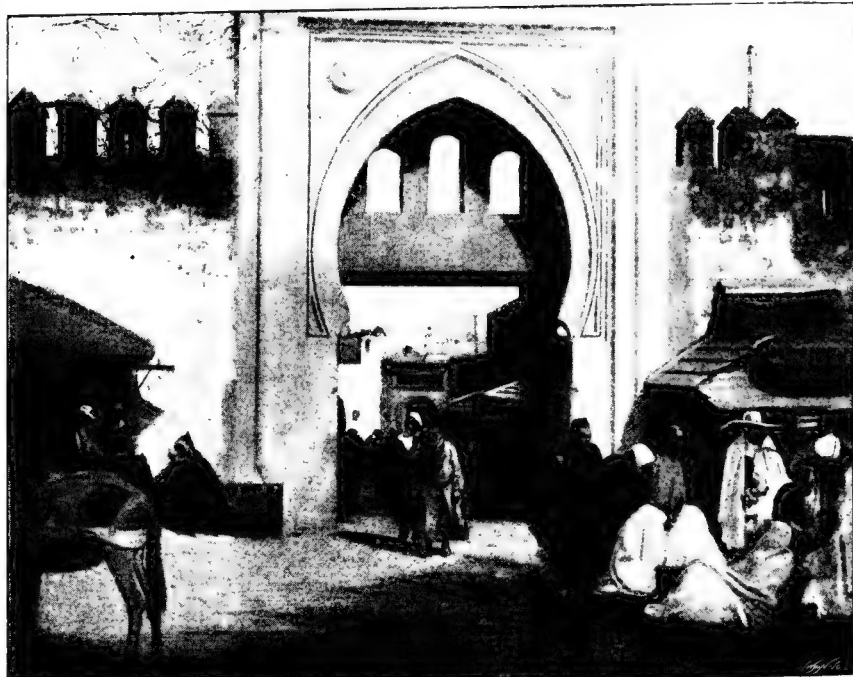
TANGIER, though situated very far west, is, undoubtedly, the nearest "Eastern" city to Europe. The three hours' voyage across the Straits from Gibraltar brings you, as it were, into a completely different world. Gibraltar is stately, orderly, clean; Tangier noisy, rowdy, and filthy. Immediately on coming to anchor the ship is surrounded with small boats full of shouting Arabs, and lucky you are if you manage to get yourself and all your luggage

into one boat, for everything, yourself included, is seized on by a native to convey in his own special craft. The Customs on two in number, stately, with long white beards, sit waiting for your luggage to be brought before them; give a signal to open each package; when opened, give another signal to close again, never even taking the trouble to look for back-heesh. The luggage is conveyed to the hotels on the backs of mules or natives. Tangier fell into the hands of the Portuguese in 1485. From them it passed to the English Crown in 1662 as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza when she married Charles II. It was given up by England, unfortunately, in 1684, and its fortifications were then destroyed and not rebuilt. There is still a bit of the old wall, on which an Armstrong gun, in terrible condition is mounted.

The principal street begins at the port and ends at the Bab-el-Sok (gate of the market-place), of which we give a view. The Soko, or market place, is a bare piece of ground outside the gate. Market days are Thursdays and Sundays. The ground is then covered with natives who come from long distances with their camels, donkeys, and mules. They bring vegetables, fuel, eggs, chickens, sheep; the picture represents the pottery division of the market-place. Beyond the Soko is situated most of the Embassies, and also an hotel. The English Embassy is a fine house, and is the abode of the most amiable and hospitable of ambassadors. The German Embassy is particularly noticeable for its beautiful garden; the present Ambassador has a splendid collection of Persian and Chinese treasures, which he takes a great delight in exhibiting. It is situated at the foot of the Ar cemetery, which must be rather unpleasant in many ways. The Spanish Embassy is situated in the town itself, and is occupied by the most courteous Minister, who speaks English perfectly. Tangier, like all Eastern cities, swarms with beggars; some beg by profession, some for the fun of the thing, some because they are incapacitated for work, having been maimed by a wicked Government. There are snake charmers, and also musicians, of one of whom a portrait is here given. The streets are so badly paved and narrow that there are no wheeled vehicles; if you go out in the evening you must go on a donkey; yet electric light has already been introduced by a Spanish company. Sights, as such, there are few; the prison is one, a sad spectacle; but the life, customs and costumes in the streets are enough to interest for many days.



TANGIER FROM THE SEA



THE BAB-EL-SOK, OR GATE OF THE MARKET PLACE



A MUSICIAN



THE POTTERY DIVISION OF THE MARKET

RANDOM SNAPSHOTS IN TANGIER

From Photographs by E. D. Stern

### FAT PEOPLE AND FAT FOODS

One people "run to fat" whatever be the nature of the food they consume. No rigid quantity of food is available; they eat anything and everything. With the cessation of these habits, the fat returns. Abstinence from butter, rich meats and gravies, bacon, etc., is beneficial chiefly because an excess of matter does the digestive tract and is only assimilated. The fat of the body is formed by itself by collection; and the tendency to formation and accumulation of adipose is corrected by scientific treatment. Start with the least with the greatest interest. "I am cured" "Copulency and the Cure." F. C. Russell, who has devoted many years to the study of obesity and its causes, Russell's treatment, indeed, has met with the success in many thousands of cases, a large number of which are described in Mr. Russell's book, which is the most popular of the most testimony to the efficiency of the treatment, is best benefit upon the health generally, is harmless, pleasant, and what is most of all, permanent. "I have lost nearly a hundred pounds since I commenced taking it," says a young lady of the compound which is the basis of the "Russell" treatment, and I cannot tell you how much better I feel, it was this as I wished to be." There are hundreds of letters in the same strain, with many eulogistic opinions of the treatment and general press. Mr. Russell gives details of his beneficial compound. These are vegetable and absolutely innocuous, undergo the treatment are able to realise the loss of weight varying from 10 to 150 lbs., the latter, of course, only in the severest cases. It is impossible in this space even to sum up all the useful contents of "Copulency and the Cure," but sufferers should get the book—the only two penny stamps, post free—from F. Russell, Wolm House, Store Street, Bedford London, W.C.—*Illustrated Sporting and the Year*, October 20, 1900.

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A VERY charming volume is the pretty edition which Mes-rs J. M. Dent and Co. have just issued of Dickens's well-known tales. The book is most pleasing to look at, and it is admirably illustrated with photogravures and text illustrations by Mr. C. E. Brock, whose work is so well known to readers of *The Graphic*. No prettier book of Christmas tales could be discovered than this dainty reprint.

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"THREE FAIR MAIDS," by Katharine Tynan (Blackie and Son), is a pretty story of Irish country life. The tale is told by Joan Burke, the second of the three fair maids, who are the daughters of an impoverished Irish lady. Their father, Sir Jasper Burke, had been disinherited by his uncle for marrying against his wish. On the initiative of Elizabeth, the eldest and most brilliant of the widowed Lady Burke's daughters, they receive "paying guests" at Ardeelish, the house in which they have lived since Sir Jasper's disinheritance obliged them to give up their great house, Derrymore. Through the "paying guests" Elizabeth and Joan both meet their fates; and the family is reconciled with Uncle Peter Burton, who makes Elizabeth his heiress.

### Books for Children

"COLINA'S ISLAND" (Anderson and Ferrier) is a romantic Scotch story of love, hatred, malice and revenge by Ethel F. Heddel (the author of "Three Girls in a Flat"), and "Clara Monro" (Milne) a dramatic tale of a mother's sin and a daughter's sacrifice, are both eminently readable and well written.

Many ladies, titled and untitled, have of late years started millinery establishments in London, and out of this fact Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) has concocted an interesting and pleasing romance, which she entitles "Cynthia's Bonnet Shop" (Blackie). Cynthia, one of those charming sisters of an impoverished Irish family, is anxious to make money for the sake of a delicate mother. The idea of a bonnet shop in London occurs to her, but then from where is the capital to come? This, however is mysteriously supplied, and

Cynthia and her sister go to London, the former to open her shop, which becomes a great success, and the other to study astronomy. We leave it to our readers to discover how both sisters found happiness.



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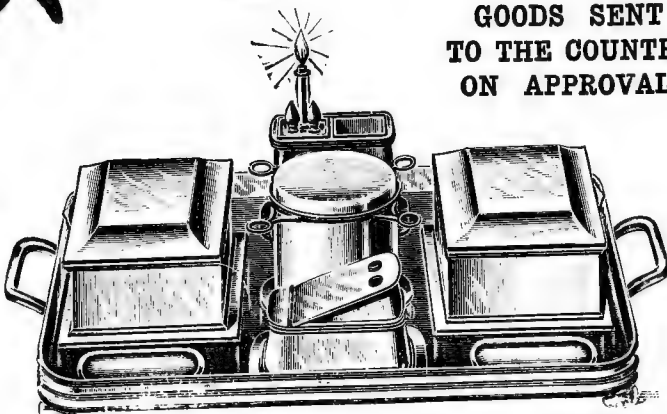
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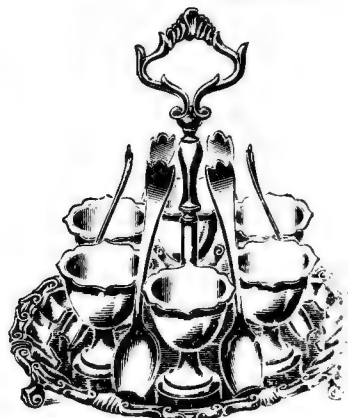
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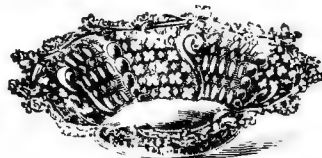
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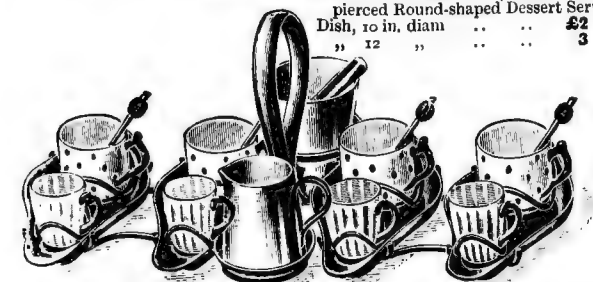


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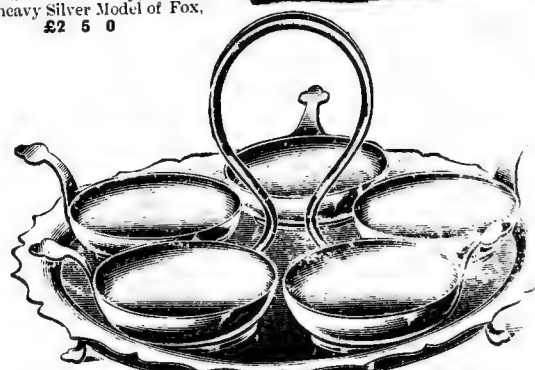
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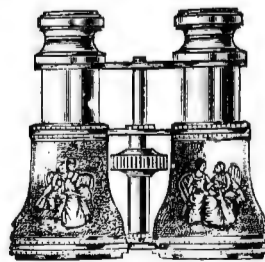
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## "The Englishman in China" \*

MR. ALEXANDER MICHIE has attempted the difficult task of writing two books in one, or, in other words, he has endeavoured to combine a full and detailed history of Great Britain's relations with China, with a life of Sir Rutherford Alcock, the whole to serve as a "substantial memorial" to the deceased statesman. The result is that, although we learn a great deal of Sir Rutherford's official life, we know little more of the personality of the man at the end of the 950, more or less, closely printed pages of this work than we did at the beginning. To statesmen, politicians, and those closely interested in the trade with the East in past years, the book will prove of value. Every treaty, every convention, every dispute, is minutely discussed and commented upon, and opinions enforced by copious extracts from official reports, edicts, the *Times*, etc., etc.

The work partakes too much of the nature of a Blue Book to be of general interest; at the same time we must allow that the author succeeds in producing conclusive arguments as to the cause of our failure to deal satisfactorily with the Chinese. In his preface he writes:—

It needed no master of their sociology to keep the Chinese strictly to their written engagements, and to deter them from outrage. But discussion was the invitation to laxity; and laxity, condoned and pampered, then defiant and triumphant, lies at the root of the disasters which have befallen the Chinese Empire itself, and now threaten to recoil also upon the foreign nations which are responsible for them. This responsibility was never more tersely summed up than by Mr. Burleigh in his capacity of Chinese Envoy. After sending the Foreign Office that astute diplomatist was able to inform the Tsung-li-Yamen in 1860, that "the British Government was so friendly and pacific that they would endure anything." The dictum, though true, was fatal, and the operation of it during thirty subsequent years explains most that has happened during that period, at least in the relations between China and Great Britain.

But to return to Sir Rutherford Alcock. It is only in the first and last few pages of the volumes that we learn something of the man himself apart from the official. Born at Ealing in 1809, the early years of his life were spent with relatives in the north of England. At the age of seventeen he returned south, and was apprenticed to his father, a medical man and an artist to boot, and at the same time entered as a student at the Westminster Hospital and the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. He evidently inherited his parent's taste for art, for we hear of him spending his half-holidays at Chantrey's studio in modelling. The following year he went to Paris to study medicine and surgery, and following up his experiments begun at Chantrey's, attained such proficiency in modelling in wax and plaster that he was able, while in that city, to maintain himself by the sale of his anatomical models. These also won for him distinctions at home, for, in 1825, he was awarded the "Gold Isis Medal" of the Society of Arts, and in the following year "the large gold medal" of that Society for original models in coloured wax. In 1832, the year in which he finished his student career, there were troubles in Portugal. The usurper, Dom Miguel, was on the throne. It was proposed to seat the rightful sovereign, Donna Maria, there—her father, Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, who assumed the title of Duke of Braganza, heading the movement. Sympathy was excited in England, and a small army of "Liberators" was got together. Of this force Alcock was appointed medical officer on the recommendation of the distinguished

surgeon, G. J. Guthrie. Although but twenty-two years of age, he made a splendid reputation for himself both as a medical man and an organiser. Returning to England in 1838 he resumed his professional work, and the same year published two small medical books, for which he carried off the Jacksonian prizes of the Royal College of Surgeons. After serving on the commissions appointed to examine into the claims of the Foreign Legion against the Spanish and Portuguese Governments, he became lecturer on military surgery at King's College, and assistant-surgeon of Westminster Hospital. At this time his professional career was suddenly brought to a close by a serious illness, which left its mark in the form of paralysis of his hands and arms, and thus put an end to all dreams of surgical practice.

When thus thrown upon his beam-ends in 1844 (writes Mr. Michie), an appointment was conferred on Mr. Alcock, which was not only honourable to him but creditable to the Government which selected him. He was among the five chosen to fill the office of Consul in China under the treaty of Nanking, which had been concluded in 1842. And if any event in human life be deserving of such distinction, the opening thus provided for the talents of Mr. Alcock is on many grounds entitled to rank as providential.

Great issues hung upon the opening of the new world in the Far East, the success of which was largely in the hands of the agents who were employed. They were practically beyond the reach of instructions, and everything depended upon their judgment, resourcefulness, and quality of initiation.

The conditions of service were such as to constitute an ordeal under which a bureaucratic official would shrivel into uselessness or worse, while to a strong man they were a powerful stimulant, the very breath of life.

It would be impossible in a small space to follow Sir Rutherford Alcock throughout his career. That he was the right man in the right place is undoubted. From the day of his arrival at Amoy he insisted upon being treated with the deference due to his rank and position. The Chinese had been accustomed—until the war at least—to treat foreigners as their inferiors, and the latter had put up with it. "The prevailing tone," says the writer, "was that of submission, inviting more and more aggression, until the cup overflowed and war ensued." Even after the war the position was not much better, and it was greatly due to Sir Rutherford's determination that, in the first instance, foreigners were treated with any amount of respect. Yet, even to this day we are "foreign devils" and "barbarians" to the lower-class Chinese, as we were in his day to the upper. Alcock did immense service both to the Empire and to trade. Full of courage, resource, and determination, failures only urged him on to success in whatever he undertook.

In 1858 he was appointed to the dangerous post of Consul-General in Japan, which he held until 1865, when he became Minister at Peking. He retired in 1871, and until his death three years ago devoted himself to public and charitable works in London.

Mr. Michie makes no suggestions as to possible solution of the Chinese difficulty. Hard facts are what he gives, and leaves us to draw our own conclusion. "The scope of the work," he writes, "being restricted to the points of contact between China and the rest of the world, nothing recondite is attempted, still less is any enigma solved."

We will conclude with a sentence, quoted by the author and written apparently some years ago by Sir Rutherford Alcock, which sums up the case China v. the West, and which is as true to-day as it was years ago:—

Pressure, indeed, there must always be if anything is to be accomplished. In one way or another, however, we may disguise it, our position in China has been created by physical force; and any intelligent policy to improve or maintain it must still look to force in some form, latent or expressed, for the result.

To which the author adds the remark:—

Whether the Western nations, singly or collectively, are justified in using force for such a purpose is a question that is not affected by this plain statement of the case. That the policy of the Western Powers has been largely dictated by sentimental considerations towards China is true; but their policy has been consistent with their professions, and their oscillation between submission has led to disastrous consequences.

## New Novels

### "FOES IN LAW"

It is delightful to find in Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Foes in Law" (Macmillan and Co.) all the freshness of touch and that characterised her *debut*. It is true that we also find the mannerisms—but then, after all, were not they a considerable portion of her charm? As for the innumerable imitations of spirit, or manner, or both—those

Meaner beauties of the night  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by their number than their light—

we feel almost tempted to conclude the quotation. "Foes in Law" is very light and very lively, telling chiefly how Marie Trent, Kergouet, the ultra-bohemian, hoydenish, not to say vulgar, good-hearted, daughter of the same sort of family has not long ago taught us to know them? came, was, and conquered where the good girl, Lettice, had failed even well-doing. These sisters-in-law—hence the title of the novel—are well contrasted; and a contemptible clerical humbug serves import just that suspicion of ill-nature for which one looks in *sauce piquante* from Miss Broughton's hands. In no respect have these lost their cunning.

### "THE HOSTS OF THE LORD"

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel strikes the keynote of all her Indian novels in the opening sentences of "The Hosts of the Lord" (William Heinemann):—

"Understand! Of course you don't. I don't, though I've been here two years. And what's more, I don't want to," retorted a rather under-sized Englishman. "So long as we don't understand them," he went on, "and they don't understand us, we jog along the same path amicably, like—well! like the pilgrims, the 'Cradle of the Gods,' and the telegraph posts to the Adjutant-General's up the road yonder—and I'll trouble you to cram more space than that betwixt two earthly poles."

What Mrs. Steel herself perceives is not the comfortable parallelism between the Old and the New as thus defined by her Captain Dering, but rather a conveyance towards a collision. The journey of the new European wine into the ancient Eastern vessels is her constant theme, and its present and future effects are her message. "The Hosts of the Lord" is not among the most powerful of her novels from this point of view, inasmuch as its romantic sensationalism is over-luxuriant purposes of conviction. Apart from graver matters, the romance of the great conflict between the India of to-day and the India of to-morrow has never had a more sympathetic or more effective exponent than Mrs. Steel.

# Pears' Annual, 1900.

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## "LORD JIM"

The convincing quality of Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim" (Blackwood and Sons) is damaged by the fact that three hundred and twenty-eight consecutive pages of it are occupied by a merchant



A shield is to be presented to Lieut-General Baden-Powell by Natalians, in appreciative recognition of his gallant defence of Mafeking. It was manufactured by Messrs List Bros., from 120 Transvaal sovereigns alloyed to the fineness and tints required. Fifty-four diamonds (brilliants) are set in the centre monogram, B.P. The gross weight of the shield is 49 oz. 11 dwt. 12 gr., and the net weight about 36 oz. The height is 15 in., width 9 1/2 in., depth 1 1/2 in. On the shield appear the Baden-Powell crest, the crest of his school (Charterhouse), the Natal crest, and the crest of the hero's regiment (5th Dragoons). The names of the committee who have been instrumental in gathering together these subscriptions, and who have seen the idea carried out are:—Chairman, Lieut.-Col. Benningfield; Vice-Chairman, Mr. Jas. Noble; Messrs. Clayton, Cradock, Copping, with Mr. H. E. Mattinson, Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. E. W. Ballantine, Hon. Secretary.

A PRESENTATION TO "B.P."

captain's after-dinner story. It must have occupied, at the very least, eleven consecutive hours; yet not until he completely finished are we told that "his audience had broken up forthwith, under his abstract, pensive gaze." No doubt the sudden stop of his voice broke the natural influence of such a yarn; but still eleven hours are many, even if nine are occupied in slumber. Again, it is not easy to believe that Captain Marlowe, the narrator, could possibly have brought the minute psychological observation of, say, a Henry James, to bear upon every gesture, tone, and syllable, of the young gentleman known in the South Seas as "Lord" Jim, or have remembered them more microscopically and analysed them more subtly than any human being ever remembered or analysed his own. It may further detract from the interest to some minds that just two-thirds of the novel pass without a single feminine entrance. But, none the less, it has very considerable interest as a study in that most difficult and complex of all human inquiries—the philosophy of courage. "Jim" is a fine young sailor, with all the makings in him of a hero and a master of men; but he is afflicted with an imagination—and this same imagination has a fatal way of making the consequences of an act more real to him than the act itself, and so paralysing him just when the opportunities arise for which his romantic soul longs. He has to live down the reputation, and, still worse, the self-conviction of cowardice; and most tragically fails. After all, what is courage? We will not say that Mr. Conrad has answered the question; but he has done something to clear the ground.

## "THE WAY OUT"

It is entirely Mr. G. B. Burgin's fault that our sympathies have been, contrary to every right and proper principle, so completely annexed by an habitual murderer. Such, and nothing less, is "Deacon" Hartopp, whose remarkable personality pervades the pages of "The Way Out" (John Long). It is true he is as fine a fellow as indulgence in homicide will allow a man to be—a pattern husband, under peculiar difficulties; a model father; a man of honesty and even honour of a sort; and so scrupulously conscientious as to devote a special "grave lot" to the victims of his too ready six-shooter, and to see that their funerals are properly conducted. We suppose it is impossible to help sharing in the general demoralisation that appears to belong to the atmosphere of the little Canadian village of Four Corners, where Mr. Burgin is always at his best, and makes his readers, despite the company in which they find themselves, feel the most at home. It is a jumble of rude vices and of still ruder virtues, among which, none the less, a man—such as the drunken ruffian, "English Bill"—may learn how to make the best of himself because of that good woman who always somehow seems to flourish even among the least promising surroundings. In short, we get human nature in the rough, and have no doubt that Mr. Burgin's other readers will have found the spectacle as bracing and invigorating as—with the hardihood of tourists fresh from Four Corners—we confess to having found it ourselves.

## "THE MAN-TRAP"

Eleanor Clissold, who gives its title to Sir William Magnay's "The Man-Trap" (Smith, Elder and Co.), is a very good and

beautiful girl, who, set and baited by her scheming father for husband-catching, succeeds in capturing a first-rate specimen for herself by entirely legitimate means. There is more of a plot than is usual with its author's stories.

## The Viceroy's Cup

THE great event of the Indian racing season is the race for the Viceroy's Cup, which is run at Calcutta Races on Boxing Day. This race occupies the same position in India as the Derby does in England. The cup has been designed and supplied by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Regent Street and Cheapside. The style of design is Renaissance, and the cup, though simple in outline, is exceptionally graceful. The surface decoration is rich in character, and being kept in somewhat lower relief, does not interfere with the beauty of the outline. This, in conjunction with the shapely handles, gives the design dignified effect. A spirited horse-racing scene occupies the principal panel in front, and the reverse is reserved for the usual inscription.



CHRISTMAS WARES.—Some of the prettiest Christmas cards we have seen this season are those issued by Messrs. Birn Bros. They are very neat and of good design, without being extravagant in price. The cards have the additional merit of being designed and made in this country. From Messrs. Leggatt Bros. we have received, as usual, a New Year etching, by Frank Paton. This year it is entitled "Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before." From Messrs. Dean and Co. we have received "Debrett's Waistcoat Pocket Diary" for 1901, a pretty little book, containing a diary with two days to a page. We have received from Mr. Charles Heidsieck, some boxes of champagne crackers which are very pretty in design, and are described as being "full of sparkling novelties."

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## MISFITS

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1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	0
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice	1	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	1	0
1 Bottle Brilliantine (for the Hair or Moustache)	1	3
1 Toilet Vinolia Shaving Stick	1	0
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving Cake	1	0
1 Vinolia Shaving Cream	0	9
1 Vinolia Tooth Paste	0	6

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includes the following:

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1 Box Toilet (Otto) Vinolia Soap	2	6
1 Box Vinolia Cream	1	9
1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	9
1 Vinolia Dentifrice (American)	1	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	2	0
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade	2	0
1 Toilet Vinolia Shaving Stick	1	0
1 Vinolia Shaving Cake	2	0
1 Vinolia Shaving Cream	0	9
1 Vinolia Tooth Paste	0	6

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includes the following:

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1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	9
1 Bot. Vinolia English Dentifrice	2	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	2	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne	1	6
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade	2	0
1 Toilet Vinolia Shaving Stick	1	0

### A 25s. Parcel

includes the following:

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1 Box Vestal Vinolia Soap	7	6
1 Box Vinolia Cream	1	9
1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	9
1 Bot. Vinolia English Dentifrice	2	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	2	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne	1	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Lavender Water	1	6
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade	2	0
1 Vestal Shaving Stick	2	0
1 Vestal Shaving Cake	2	6



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1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	1	0
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice	0	6
1 Tube Lypsyl (for the Lips)	0	6

### A 10s. Parcel

includes the following:

	s.	d.
1 Box "Liril" Violettes de Parme Soap	1	0
1 Box Vinolia Cream	1	1½
1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	0
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice	1	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	1	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne	1	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Lavender Water	1	6
1 Bott. Brilliantine (for the Hair)	1	3
1 Tube Lypsyl (for the Lips)	0	6

### A 15s. Parcel

includes the following:

	s.	d.
1 Box Toilet (Otto) Vinolia Soap	2	6
1 Box Vinolia Cream	1	9
1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	9
1 Box Vinolia Dentifrice (American)	1	6
1 Bott. Liquid Vinolia Dentifrice	1	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	2	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne	1	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Lavender Water	1	6
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade	2	0

### A 20s. Parcel

includes the following:

	s.	d.
1 Box Vestal Vinolia Soap	7	6
1 Box Vinolia Cream	1	9
1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	9
1 Bott. Vinolia English Dentifrice	2	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	2	0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne	1	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Lavender Water	1	6
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade	2	0

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1 Box Vestal Vinolia Soap	7	6
1 Box Vinolia Cream	1	9
1 Box Vinolia Powder	1	9
1 Bott. Vinolia English Dentifrice	2	6
1 Bottle Vinolia Perfume	2	0
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## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

PRESENTS are just now the *bête-noire* of every woman. How to give, what to give, that is the question. As a rule, whatever course one pursues is wrong. No sooner has a gift been chosen than one sees something else far more appropriate and delightful which would have answered the purpose better. The whole arrangement bristles with difficulty. First there is the groping in the dark to find out what the recipient wishes, then comes the choice and finally the price, a matter of importance to most of us. Some people encourage a most reprehensible habit of discussing the money value of a gift and praising it accordingly. Other people own queer ideas about luck; pins, brooches, knives, fans and many other articles become impossible presents from their point of view. One is beset with the unpleasant notion that one has gauged a friend's character awry and given books to the illiterate, jewels to the ascetic, and toys to the serious. Rich acquaintances are the most difficult to deal with, for where every wish is gratified, what remains to do even for the most well-meaning? Thus Christmas time means to the busy woman, with many friends and relations and a slender purse, a period of harassed and indubitable anxiety.

Fashion papers and those which profess to deal with social life do not help much, for their ideas are sometimes ludicrously grandiose. For instance, one paper suggests that silver plate, having become cheap, is now out of date. Gold pieces are the only offerings possible, and the up-to-date woman must take care to pile her table with gold salt-cellars, pepperettes and mustard-pots. The vista of this golden glory fills one with dismay. Hitherto we have hugged our silver plate to our bosom, metaphorically, admired its shape and lustre, prized it as an heirloom, or bought it tremblingly with rapture, but now, hey-presto! the wand of fashion waves and all our plate becomes worthless, common, unsatisfactory. At the risk of being considered unfashionable we must sally forth at once and buy new gold platters. Indeed, the sorrows of the smart woman trying to be always in the van of novelty are hard to bear, even as were those of the traditional poor blind man!

Ladies continue to be seized with military ardour. This year they have worn the unbecoming khaki, the bushranger's hat, and the military mess-jacket. They have adopted scarlet as their colour and draped their dinner-tables with red berries and crimson silk, but now their energies are directed into a more practical channel, and ladies' rifle clubs are springing up everywhere. Last week a rifle club was opened at Newbury by Mrs. Carstairs, whose husband is away in South Africa. The members of it are to be instructed in the use of the rifle by an ex-drill sergeant of the Royal Berks Rifle Volunteer Battalion.

Several interesting marriages have been recently announced. The Duke of Westminster's engagement attains almost a public importance from the fact of his youth, his great position and fortune. The bride's mother was a celebrated Irish beauty, and thus

brings the good looks and the gaiety of the Celtic nation into her husband's family. Lady Carrington's daughter, and her sister, the Honble. Judith Harbord, Maid of Honour to the Queen, announce simultaneous engagements which carry with them a special Court flavour, for Lord Carrington and his father-in-law, Lord Suffield, both occupied important posts at Court. Miss Harbord is the second Maid of Honour who has married within the year, the other being now the wife of the Queen's body-physician. A young lady who has been at Court attains the most agreeable knowledge of the world possible, and has an opportunity of meeting many distinguished persons and crowned heads.

Round dinner-tables are rapidly growing in popularity. Rarely, indeed, does one see the old, familiar long table for a large party of guests; on the contrary, they are broken up into small coteries of six or eight occupying their own little round tables, far from the ken of the hostess. Thus, there may be the youthful table, the table of the elders, the table of the important guests (not always the most amusing), and the miscellaneous table, where all the wits, the fun, and the cheery souls congregate. The establishment of the round tables means another nail in the coffin of etiquette, for the square table, at which presided the master of the house, was a badge of his power and authority. Kings never sat in old days at a round table, and it is reported of some Monarch who arrived unexpectedly at a homely inn that his courtiers proceeded to saw away the round parts of the table in order to make it square and fit for the King to preside at.

Will caps ever come into fashion again for young women? I wonder? In that charming play, "English Nell," Miss Marie Tempest wears the most fascinating little cap, made of rosettes of pale blue ribbons, tied coquettishly under her chin. She also wears a dainty little close hood, which is somewhat refreshing after the exaggerated and flowery headgear to which we are accustomed. Caps are especially becoming to a pretty face, and it seems a pity they should have fallen under the ban of public displeasure. Not the wisp of lace and ribbon old ladies now adopt, or the still more absurd butterfly arrangement perched on the housemaid's fringe of tangled hair, but a real cap, a head-covering, like the one worn by the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll in her picture, or the mob caps of the famous Frenchwomen. For morning dress they are charming and lend themselves to all manner of discreet combinations. At present our morning dress is rather absurd. For instance, a lady, early one morning, sat opposite me the other day in an omnibus, evidently on serious house-keeping intent. She wore a fanciful hat, a transparent lace and muslin blouse under her cloak, a pearl necklace, and white kid gloves. Could inappropriateness of costume go further?

Now that we have entirely shelved the ideal of lady-likeness, would it not be well to take example by Mrs. Grote, who was said by Sydney Smith to be "such a perfect gentleman." The lady in question, about whom Mr. Fyvie writes so pleasantly in *Temple Bar*, was the learned leader of a salon, grotesque, eccentric and a Radical, but she was an excellent housekeeper, and knew the best way to do everything. She often quoted the maxim, "The household virtues are the basis of everything." In addition she had a pretty wit and was devoted to her husband.

## Music

### CLOSE OF THE AUTUMN CONCERT SEASON.

THE Autumn Concert season is now a thing of the past. It has been a very busy one, so far, at any rate, as the number of performances was concerned, although few musicians of eminence have appeared, the majority of Continental artists still apparently labouring under the impression that London is in a state of minor siege, and that the war has killed all artistic desire in the metropolis. Some of the eminent performers, however, who ventured to visit us have done remarkably well, especially as to M. Ysaye, Signor Busoni, and Lady Hallé. The lady made her final appearance at the last Popular Concert on Saturday, when she led an excellent performance of Beethoven's Septet, one of the most popular chamber works of the repertory. M. Ysaye returned to Brussels about a month ago, but he will be back by January 5, when he and his Brussels Quartet party (comprising himself, MM. Marchot, Vanhout and Jacob) will start the spring season at the Pops. They will first be heard in Quartets by Mozart and Schubert, but afterwards will introduce some more novel works. Signor Busoni, immediately after leaving England, started on a German tour.

### MUSICAL NOTES AND NEWS

The Albert Hall has lost its manager, Mr. Wentworth Cole, who died on Thursday at the age of sixty-four. He was secretary of the building almost from the outset, and upon him devolved most of the details of its foundation and successful management. He was a nephew of Sir Henry Cole, founder of the South Kensington Museum, and a cousin of Mr. Alan Cole, the distinguished authority on embroidery, who for some years was Secretary of the National Training School for Music.

Mr. Peterson, of Edinburgh, has been appointed Ormond Professor of Music at Melbourne University, a berth worth between 800/ and 1,000/ a year. Mr. Peterson succeeds Mr. Marshall Hall, and will commence his duties early in the New Year. A native of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1861, Mr. Peterson is better known in the Northern half of the kingdom than in London, although he has been a plentiful contributor to our monthly musical magazines. He also wrote the musical articles for the new edition of Chambers's "Encyclopædia." Mr. Peterson originally studied in Edinburgh, and afterwards in Dresden, and he is a member of the staff of the Dundee University College and Examiner at Edinburgh University.

Mr. Gregory Hast heads a small concert party who, during Christmas, will tour through Germany. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies has been touring in Germany for some time, and has at a still later date undertaken a concert tour in Switzerland.

The profits of the recent Birmingham Festival exceeded 6,000/., a sum which almost beats the record. The receipts of the Hereford Festival also were much larger than usual. They were 600/ more than at the previous Festival, and the astonished guarantors have received back 2/ 10s. each of their guarantee. At Hereford the vocalists cost 1,219/., the band 1,127/., the chorus 673/., and advertising only 112/. The tickets sold at Hereford were 3,241/.; that is to say, about a fifth of the Birmingham total.

## A FINE JUMP.

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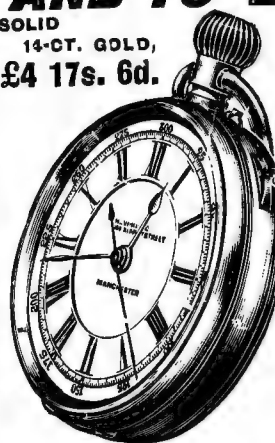
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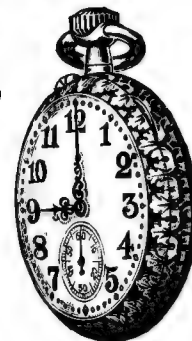
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# Rural Notes

THE SEASON

DECEMBER, on the whole, has been treating us very well. The temperature has been high enough to reduce coal bills at a time when the owner of black diamonds expects for them a price recalling their connection with precious stones. The gain in country districts is in the reduced food wants for live stock. Farm animals eat quite five per cent. more food in frosty weather than when the thermometer touches fifty degrees. Most farmers put the figure at ten per cent., but science tends to show that the difference made by temperature is commonly exaggerated. The growing wheat and rye rather need a touch of frost to prevent growth from becoming too fast, but as yet little or no harm has been done. The root crops have been secured under the most favourable circumstances,

and are a good all-round yield. Smithfield, owing to the fine weather, had a wonderfully good record of health, and the number of visitors was large. The Hereford and Norfolk visitors were naturally elated at the pre-eminence of their respective counties. A good many of the Smithfield farmers looked in at Mark Lane, but the course of business there was depressing, the decision to close the Exchange for a week (from the 21st to the 28th) having brought about a nervous eagerness to clear stocks and so escape a week's carrying charges at the warehouses. The provision markets are not so brisk as usual for the time of year.

## RURAL POPULATION

When we are considering the decline of "rural population" there is one item which is almost invariably ignored. This we are grateful to the Statistical Society for bringing into prominence. The total area of land described as rural has been reduced on the century

from 91 per cent. to 84½ per cent. Scarcely anybody had thought of this; in fact, the Government figures were generally supposed to deal with the density of population on a fixed and not upon a changing area. The decline in the rural population, therefore, has been exaggerated by about 7 per cent. in nearly all returns. The tendency of urban districts to annex rural parishes for purposes of taxation has also to be considered. None the less, the Statistical Society have a serious story to tell. Since 1821 the number of citizens living by agriculture has, in proportion to the whole community, steadily declined. At the present time, too, the rural population includes a large number of persons who do not derive their incomes from the land; in fact, many of the leading country seats are kept up out of town rents, foreign investments and the interest on Government securities. The worst feature of all is the great diminution in the number of yeomen, that is to say, of farmers farming their own land.

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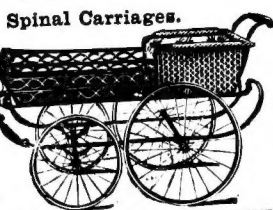
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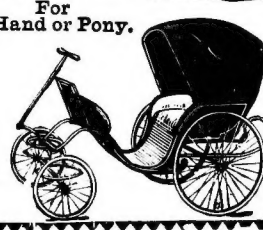
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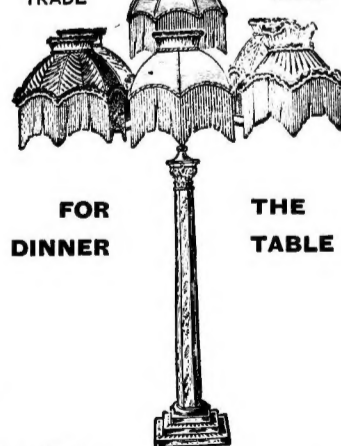
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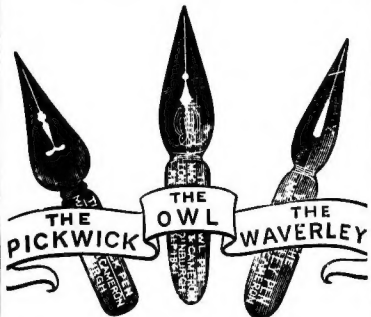
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